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EDITED BY HENRY SEIDEL CANBY

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The Art of the Short Story

WHAT has become of the art of the short story? Twenty years ago the literary journals rang with its celebrations. What the short story was, what it could do for literature, what it might serve in life, was a daily theme for the writer of criticism.

Collections of short stories drop today from the presses like eggs from a prize hen: there are rewards, dinners, memorials, but the talk is of the past, not the future, of success not potentiality, of technique and marketability and type, not of hope and novelty and desire. Like the automobile the short story has become standardized and the changes are in model not in kind.

The truth is that while the reception committee was greeting the best designs of 1927 on the front porch the art of the short story slipped out the back door. It wearied in the moment of success and sought refuge elsewhere.

And where but in the novel! That originality which with elaborate skill focussed narrative upon a burning point of experience—if you look for it now you will find it in the new novel of flowing consciousness. The novels of Virginia Woolf, of John dos Passos, of Joyce, of Huxley, are essentially short stories. They are not short, but they are brief; they are not focussed upon a moment, but they are narrowed to a phase. "Mrs. Dalloway" is as concentrated, as unified, as dependent upon a single strand of suspense as a story of Poe. The art, it appears, was not in brevity in words but in sharpness of focus. A line accomplishes the desired purpose, if a point no longer serves. To seek a revealing situation which, captured in brief narrative, should be significant for life, was one way of achievement, Maupassant's way, Kipling's way, O. Henry's way. To penetrate the consciousness on a straight line, coordinating external life to the mental state of the hero, is another way; to link episodes on a lengthening chain the continuity of which alone is significant, because it is ego and the links incongruity, is still another way, and these are modern and the chosen methods of novelists wearying of the broad Victorian canvas, discontent with the simple situation, wishing to go deeper, truer, narrower, toward the goal of reality.

Henry James was an intermediary in this new art of the stretched short story. His later novels, "The Wings of the Dove" for example, are studies of single situations expanded to the bursting point. Subtlety could go no further in that direction, could describe, analyze, project no further. So subtlety pierced inward, and accepting its limitation (like science) to truth about a man before the picture of men should be painted, drove its tiny bore on a thread like line into the core of the brain. Henceforth and for a while the waves of sensation vibrating upon that inner consciousness were to interest critics. And no method of writing, however fantastic, not even the endless musings of a Dorothy Richardson novel, not even the rhythmic nonsense of Gertrude Stein's style, nor the inconsecutive episodes of "Manhattan Transfer," nor the trivial worthless experience of tired Parisians, nor the half-mad moonings of pathological cases, seems without significance.

It is all extraordinarily interesting and technically important to a high degree. Yet after all, the stretched short story is like the old short story, a device, a means, a barrow in which one picks up what the great novelists of scope and power have left unregarded by the wayside. The comparison may seem unfair to the best writers. It is like a new projectile of greater penetration the principles of which will later be applied to great shells that bursting break the crust of life and reveal its inner chambers. But let us drop confusing figures. The experimental novel is still an experiment. It cannot yet satisfy the human desire to see society depicted in the large, men and women, not merely psychoses, neuroses, pathologies, states of consciousness. In English, Galsworthy, Bennett, Willa Cather—to choose typical examples—are doing for this generation what some later novelists, who will adapt to the world what is being tried upon the ego, will accomplish for the next. Old-fashioned? Yes, perhaps. But we should have no record of our society in its normal aspects, no "characters" in the age-old sense if they, too, tried to write books where breadth was sacrificed to depth and intensity.

Doomsday

By ELINOR WYLIE

THE end of everything approaches;
I hear it coming
Loud as the wheels of painted coaches
On turnpikes drumming;
Loud as the pomp of plumy hearses,
Or pennoned charges;
Loud as when every oar reverses
Venetian barges;
Loud as the caves of covered bridges
Fulfilled with rumble
Of hooves; and loud as cloudy ridges
When glaciers tumble;
Like creeping thunder this continues
Diffused and distant,
Loud in our ears and in our sinews,
Insane, insistent;
Loud as a lion scorning carrion
Further and further;
Loud as the ultimate loud clarion
Or the first murther.

This Week

"Mr. Charles, King of England." Reviewed by *T. M. Parrott.*

Two Books on Mexico. Reviewed by *Carleton Beals.*

Three Books on Turkey. Reviewed by *Helen McAfee.*

"China and the West." Reviewed by *Sydney Greenbie.*

Qwertyuiop: A Shirtsleeves History.

"Advertising Research." Reviewed by *Ernest Elmo Calkins.*

"Tropical Cyclones." Reviewed by *Alexander McAdie.*

Sidelights on Toulemonde: II. By *Christopher Morley.*

Next Week, or Later

Expatriate, Vintage 1927. By *Louis Bromfield.*

The Enigma of Sargent

By FRANK JEWETT MATHER, JR.

IN reading very carefully Mr. Downes's life of John Sargent, I have been followed by a curious sense of frustration. It is evident that the accomplished art critic emeritus of the *Transcript* has assembled about all the material at hand, clear that he has written with the conviction of admiring acquaintance, but the man behind the painting completely eludes me. There is a baffling amount of widely differing opinion about Sargent: he was a sardonic prosecuting attorney, he was an honest and disinterested student of appearances; he was a heartless virtuoso, he was a considerate and generous gentleman; he was one of the best painters of all times, he was a showy and shallow executant. And for all these contradictory views there is a perplexing variety of evidence. Nor do my own casual meetings with him and seeing his pictures for a matter of thirty-five years help me to simplify matters. One recalls agreeably the nice, burly, Anglified American gentleman, entirely simple and affable when you took him as such, stiffening a little defensively when you took him as an artist. One recalls pictures as masterly as work as they are as human interpretation, others merely assertive and clever, still others showy and flimsy, again others objective and breathlessly faithful to the look of things; mural paintings overingeniously archæological, others highly decorative in an archaistic way, others highly undecorative in a melodramatic way, a few highly decorative and as deeply felt, some mildly decorative and hardly felt at all. Then one thinks of the watercolors so marvelously seen and executed, but so little felt, and alongside of them of a landscape like "Lake O'Hara," profoundly seen and as deeply felt. The whirl of these paradoxes, while confusing, is also consistent. One has the picture of a first rate gift producing rarely at its height, but dealing often in the second rate or worse.

Mr. Downes's well sustained eulogy naturally helps little to explain a paradox of which the eulogist seems unaware, but his ample collection of facts is serviceable as are the many cuts which quicken old memory of their originals. Evidently the life and work of any artist if closely questioned should betray any apparent mystery of his genius. Let us approach the enigma of John Sargent along these lines.

He was born in Florence in 1856, his father being of the New England Brahmin class and his mother a Philadelphia patrician. It was she who passed on to him a passionate love of music and painting, the father contributing that physical tenacity which plays a large part in any artistic success. John Sargent thus came up in an atmosphere of expatriate gentility, shifting his casual schooling and more continuous efforts as a draughtsman, as considerations of health, economy, or convenience moved his parents, from Florence to Rome and Nice. Reading good books and learning languages by contact, he had a far better education than falls to most painters. However, I think he never wholly outlived the irreality of his upbringing. To think of life in terms of comfort and voluntary contacts may befit old age, but it is a poisonous programme for youth, as weakening the heroic sense of duty and reducing the exercise of the sympathies, which are really best fined and trained in compulsory con-

*John Sargent, His Life and Works. By William Howe Downes. Boston: Little, Brown & Company. 1926. $8 net.

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tacts, to a kind of selective dilettantism. A great artist may well end, Goethe-like, as a citizen of the world, but no great artist has ever begun as that, and John Sargent was not to prove an exception. High seriousness is a homemade product. In short his morale was limited to that of the nomadic American of culture, and that necessarily qualified his whole view of life, and naturally his attitude towards his art.

In seeking Carolus-Duran at eighteen, young Sargent merely found confirmation of defects and qualities already established. The ideal of the studio was a vivid but superficial curiosity towards appearances; the technical programme, the production of cleverly manipulated passages of paint to suggest any sort of attractive epidermis in nature. Everything was studied as so much still-life. Whatever of a moral or physical sort might be within the epidermis was not the painter's concern, did not really interest him. That larger drawing, which is really a psychical taking possession of any subject-matter was not so much neglected as completely unknown. Indeed only Puvis, Carrière, Fantin, and Degas—Cézanne had not emerged—possessed it at the moment in France, with Watts and Alfred Stevens in England, and Winslow Homer in America. It is interesting to guess what Sargent might have become had he sought, instead of Carolus, one of these large seeing masters, but I am inclined to agree with Mr. Cortissoz that in Carolus's atelier Sargent found precisely the training that befitted him. The method there taught had indeed its distinct merits. It was grounded in a discreet revival of the sumptuous low tonalities of the Venetian and Spanish schools, in emulation of the bold yet learned manipulation of their great masters. It employed the safe and tested earth colors, avoiding those ephemeral stridencies which the synthetic chemist was putting at the disposal of the contemporary Impressionists. So reasonable and handsome a way of working was welcomed by the cosmopolitan youth who was by his capacity as an expatriate American of culture free from all the perilous curiosities and aspirations of the new radical schools. Within four years Sargent had fully mastered the method, exhibiting at twenty-two in the Salon of 1878 the excellent little canvas Oyster Gatherers of Cancale, now in the Corcoran Gallery. It has much charm and alertness with a quiet and just sense of life and movement, and a sober pearliness in the illumination.

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For more than twenty-five years Sargent occasionally produced little figure pieces of this sort, and the group constitutes the most satisfactory and untroubled expression of his personality. The Sulphur Match, Venice in Gray Weather, In the Luxembourg Gardens, the two Venetian Interiors, The Spanish Courtyard—every well-informed art lover knows and likes these pictures, for their elegance, for their sober perfection of tone and handling, for a clear and simple evocation which is free from insistence. Their entire accessibility is their charm and perhaps their limitation. Anybody can see them. But just anybody cannot see Degas in similar vein. It requires superior vision. Sargent's complete and elegant accomplishment in this vein seems to me to result in a certain emptiness when the scale is enlarged as in The Boit Children and most of the other portrait groups. However, simply these little figure pieces would entitle him to be regarded as one of the best minor painters of his time, keeping him in grateful memory with such painters as Alfred Stevens, Frank Potter, and Tarbell.

As a portraitist, Sargent during his lifetime evoked the widest difference of opinion, and a critic will do well to cling so long as he may to what little unananimity there is. I suppose that everybody will agree that the Carolus, the Lady with a Rose, the George Henschel, the two Marquand portraits, the Homer Saint Gaudens, and most of the Wertheimer portraits, with the Coventry Patmore and the Lord Ribbesdale and the Ian Hamilton, together with the Mrs. Augustus Hemingway, the Major Henry Lee Higginson, the Joseph Pulitzer, and the group of the Four Doctors are not merely among the best portraits of our times, but also compare very favorably with the finest portraits of the past. I should not expect anybody but some modernist who disbelieves in portraiture to differ from this view. Naturally the list might be considerably extended, but I feel the additions would soon be sharply contested. Personally, for instance, I find the much admired Beatrice Goelet and the Honorable Laura Lister neither better nor worse than the similar pictures of little girls by Millais; I think the groups of aristocratic young women in the eighteenth century tradition far-fetched and tediously assertive; I loathe the Ellen Terry admiringly and am only mildly amused by the fabulously clever Carmencita; I think the Boit Children, despite the adorable separate portraits, unpleasant in scale and feebly realized as a space. Naturally no authority is claimed for such prejudices. They are mentioned at all merely to show the wisdom of approaching Sargent through the group of about twenty admitted masterpieces of portraiture. Let us seek whatever principle of unity there may be among works quite various in handling, running from very sober treatment in the tradition of Carolus to the most audacious pyrotechnics.

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In the first place these are all "sympathetic" Sargents. One feels that he cared more for the sitter in every case than for his own adroitness in divination or his own skill in rendering. Except in the case of the Asher B. Wertheimer, the most ill-wishing critic could not say that Sargent had played the "prosecuting attorney," and here the critic would be wrong, for the Wertheimer is a high act of appreciation of the shrewdness and vitality of its subject. One has in every case an extraordinary virtuosity modestly subordinated to a congenial task of interpretation.

Next these are all early Sargents. Most of them were painted before 1898, and none of them later than 1903. These in short are the sort of portraits that engaged the enthusiasm of Sargent's most friendly and perceptive critics, Henry James and Alice Meynell. Beyond 1903 there are very few memorable Sargent portraits, and many bad and flimsy ones. By 1910 he had acquired a distaste for portraiture, declared that he was going off technically, and, so far as he could, withdrew from portrait painting, devoting himself to mural painting and outdoor sketching in water colors.

In seems to me that a certain obvious importance of these chronological facts has been ignored. We have the very peculiar fact that the man who was regarded as the greatest portraitist of his day did all his best work by his forty-eighth year and at fifty-five was sick of the task. Sargent had exhausted prematurely a vein which a Velasquez, a Titian, a Rembrandt, a Raeburn, a Stuart cultivated and enriched so long as their hands could hold a brush.

What an artist quits is his own affair, and while quitting portraiture, Sargent remained immensely busy at mural decoration and watercolor sketching in his last fifteen years. But for an artist of great and established achievement to go off badly is not entirely his own affair. The case wants explaining. I shall not forget the somewhat appalling revelations of the memorial exhibition held in the Metropolitan Museum. With half a dozen portraits that seemed fit company for the Halses, Rembrandts, and Velasquezes, and Vandykes in neighboring galleries, there were many of which to speak little is charity—figures that stood ambiguously or toppled out of their frames, speciously painted stuffs with no body inside, beautifully painted heads with nothing below the neck, much nondescript and some poor color, many pictures that seemed oddly out of fashion—a look that a firstrate picture never gets. Generally speaking the showy portraits were the bad portraits, the Mrs. Swinton being the type, with its brittle and hollow workmanship, its entire absence of any reasonable grammar of painting. It was there to show that Sargent was occasionally painting very badly near his best time, 1897.

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To seek the reason for this paradox through those twenty triumphal years in London from 1884 is a task as difficult as ungrateful. Yet one may guess at the effect upon a very sensitive and selfconscious nature of such excesses of praise and blame as cheered or howled before the Chelsea door of a cultured and expatriate young American in his early thirties. He was one of the greatest portraitists of all times; he was merely a clever exhibitionist; he was a profound interpreter, he was a shallow and heartless virtuoso enriching and amusing himself at the expense of his infatuated sitters. Doubtless he pretended to himself that all this did not matter, but here and there it stung him so far that he broke a habitual reticence, to counter attacks that seemed to him to attaint his character as a gentleman. More serious handicap, he had to live up or down to an early fame as the cleverest painter of a very clever age. It is the heavy penalty of cleverness that the clever person must conduct a continuous performance. To live up to such *tours de force* as El Jaleo, 1882, and Carmencita, 1899, was to live in overstrain. Both pictures are masterpieces bred of peculiar experience, of nerves tingling with the sinuous fury of the dance or with the splendid insolence of a Spanish she devil in repose. The brush moves with the swiftness and certainty of a conductor's baton, evoking a visible music at once strident and superbly rhythmical. But Sargent was expected to get as excited over the aigrette of a British matron or over the towering late-Victorian shoulder sleeves of a reigning belle. He played fair with them. When they gave him something to think of while painting, he gave them his virtuosity and with it his insight and his sympathy, and when they gave him nothing, he honestly gave them what most of them wanted and were paying for, his mere virtuosity.

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So I imagine the apparently ideal life in London, with its successful defence against unfit contacts and its rich companionship with fellow artists, musicians, men of letters, and understanding women was less satisfactory to Sargent than it seemed. Without developing either the constant insight and deep human respect of the great portrait painters or the sound perfunctory habits of the merely good portrait painters, he was harassed between two almost equally sinister reputations, that of superhuman virtuosity, and that of a malign "prosecuting attorney." So he remained chiefly a virtuoso who, like Hals and Rubens before him, painted many brilliant portraits, and, as admiration or affection moved him, a few portraits that are great.

By a circular route we have come back to our starting point that the great Sargents are the "sympathetic" Sargents. By this I do not mean that the sitters are likable, though often they are, but that they vividly enlisted Sargent's interest, that he thought much about them while painting them. Surely the Marquand, the Wertheimer, and the Coventry Patmore are not precisely likable effigies, nor is the amiability of the marvelous Four Doctors their most salient characteristic, but in every case we have personalities potent enough to arrest even an expatriate American of culture. Nor is Mme. X. really likable, but she is so alive in her steely perfection that one cannot see her with impunity. Perhaps Sargent's extraordinary sensitiveness is best shown by simply comparing The Lady with the Rose and Mme. X., recalling that less than three years separates the two portraits. One woman is painted with some magical distillation from flowers seen at dawn through the dew, the other welcomes and challenges the merciless light from raucous avenues; one is fully intimated with manifold respectful modulations, the other is fully and emphatically uttered in a single *élan* of male admiration. And both pictures are quite perfect.

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Before leaving the "sympathetic" Sargents we do well to note that some of them enlist his greatest virtuosity. It is concealed in many, particularly in his valedictory to great painting, The Four Doctors. The structure of the fine heads is so unobtrusive that it seems as if anybody must have painted them that way, and the really noble, spacious, and highly studied arrangement seems almost casual. The Major Higginson, too, owes nothing of its massive and benign existence to any overt handling. One never thinks of the workmanship; one thinks of the man. But the Marquand, the Patmore, and the Wertheimer are as brilliant as the Carmencita, be it said with brilliancy of precise, emphatic, and understanding elucidation and without a shred of personal display in it. For the Carmencita so much cannot be maintained.

The relation of sympathy and interest which underlies all of Sargent's finest portraits evidently did not depend upon the intrinsic worth or interest of the sitter. It depended rather upon some mysterious and possibly capricious *rapport*. Sargent could do an inadequate Roosevelt, Woodrow Wilson, and President Eliot; an indifferent Booth and Irving. All of which goes to show either that he lacked the portrait painter's temperament, or more likely, that, having it, he soon lost it. How, we may hardly surmise. Possibly a too long and difficult inner

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struggle against adulation, abuse, and boredom may account for much. Few painters have been thrust so early into so ambiguous a notoriety. In any case, the great portraitist in him died young, emerging now and again posthumously in a few of the water-colors and charcoal drawings of the later years.

So, measured by the standard of consistent performance, the general view that Sargent was the greatest portraitist of his times seems exaggerated. Watts, I feel, painted many more fine portraits, so did Fantin and Thomas Eakins. And the best portraits of Sargent seems to me less enduringly good than the best of Degas and Carrière and Augustus John, while Orpen's equally brilliant practice is far more evenly sustained. I do not press such comparisons; they are possibly unprofitable. As a portraitist, Sargent seems to me to have suffered from his natal cosmopolitanism, and from the absence of any pondered and settled attitude towards his art and presumably towards life. He was the fine flower of the Parisian dilettantism of Théophile Gautier and Carolus-Duran, and great only when he transcended his æsthetic origins. In many fields he was immensely able and intelligent, displaying a versatility which suggests some lack of inner centrality. Possibly he was too much in the fashion of his day and without that degree of detachment, that capacity for seeing in the aspect of eternity, which the greatest artists never lack. Hence a considerable abatement of his present fame is to be expected. But his best portraits, both for beautiful vision and workmanship, are his sure gage against that oblivion that quietly waits for the merely clever artist in any field.

The Ablest of the Stuarts

MR. CHARLES KING OF ENGLAND. By JOHN DRINKWATER. New York: George H. Doran Company. 1926. $5.

Reviewed by T. M. PARROTT
Princeton University

THE writer of the "blurb" which adorns the cover of Mr. Drinkwater's latest book has evidently felt the need of a flourish of trumpets to promote the sale and, quite as evidently, has not read the book itself. He calls attention to the "vices and beauties" of the dissolute period of the "Merry Monarch" in which Nell Gwyn flourished with Pepys and Congreve. As a matter of fact Congreve, a boy of fifteen when Charles died, is not once mentioned; the epithet of the "Merry Monarch" is expressly disclaimed by the author, and there is as little notice of the "vices and beauties" of the reign as possible in the story of a life where vice and beauty played such parts. Any reader who comes to this work expecting to find an English *chronique scandaleuse* will meet with deep, but perhaps not regrettable, disappointment. For he will find something far better. Mr. Drinkwater has attempted a serious and discriminating character study of one of the least understood of English Kings. His work is in essence a plea for the reversal of the old damnatory judgments on Charles and a recognition of his better qualities of mind and heart, along with a proper appraisal of his contribution to the establishment of the characteristic English form of government, the constitutional monarchy. With this end in view he abandons the easy task of amusing the reader with gay stories culled from Pepys and Grammont and sets himself to the harder labor of building up a consistent and convincing character portrayal of the ablest of the Stuarts.

That he has been successful in his attempt seems a matter of considerable doubt. In the first place the method followed is not quite satisfactory. "Mr. Charles" is a character study rather than a biography or a history of the times, yet inevitably biography and history enter in. The story of Charles's life up to about 1667, when the author leaves him a fully developed character firmly seated on his throne, is told at considerable length, sometimes, as in the account of his escape after Worcester, with accumulation of picturesque detail. The complicated intrigues of the Inter-regnum, the strife of parties, and the domination of the ensuing anarchy by the sagacious Monk, which made the Restoration not only possible, but inevitable, are recounted at a length which seems out of all proportion to the main theme.

But this would be of small importance if the main theme, the revindication of Charles as man and king, were clearly established. The task was perhaps impossible; certainly it has not been accomplished by Mr. Drinkwater. He pushes his claim for Charles as king to the very verge of absurdity. To speak of Charles as the founder, the champion, even if involuntary, of constitutional monarchy is to fly in the face of facts. He breaks off his story before the last years of the King's reign and it is well for his argument that he does for it would surpass all his ingenuity to depict as a constitutional king the monarch who ruled for years without a Parliament, recalled the charters of his chief cities, and relied on a standing army and a subsidy from France to maintain his power. The truth is that Charles left absolutism firmly, though as it proved, not definitely, established in England. Had he bequeathed his personal popularity to a legitimate son, or had his bigoted brother possessed a tithe of his sagacity, England might well have gone the way of France or Spain. But even earlier in his career there were plain signs of Charles's aim. Mr. Drinkwater defends, or at least excuses, his secret treaty with France for the destruction of Holland, as in accordance with the English policy of recent years. It had, indeed, been a former misguided policy, but by 1670 the designs of France were apparent to the blindest. The Triple Alliance of England, Holland, and Sweden had been formed to check the aggression of the Grand Monarch. Even the royalist Dryden denounced the statesman who broke the triple bond and "fitted Israel for a foreign yoke." Dryden indeed aimed his thrust at Shaftesbury, but it was Shaftesbury's master who commanded the act and pocketed the French gold.

Even passing over this act, the gravest crime of Charles, there is abundant contemporary testimony,

SARGENT'S PORTRAIT OF ROOSEVELT
(*See Opposite Page*)

most of it from the mouth of friends, Pepys, Evelyn, and Halifax, to the King's neglect of business and indifference to his country's honor. Mr. Drinkwater tries to laugh off a well-known story by suggesting that it is no crime to eat supper even when a hostile fleet is in the Thames. But the original version runs that after the burning of English warships in the Medway Charles was "very cheerful that night at supper with his mistresses." There is a difference, a rather startling one. Yet it would be wrong to suppose that the King's idleness and indifference sprang from weakness. Charles could be firm enough when his interests were touched or his affection roused. He broke an angry Parliament at Oxford; he refused to divorce a barren Queen who had done him no other wrong; and in the face of popular fury and threats of assassination he supported his hated brother's legitimate claim to the succession. Charles was no *roi faineant*, rather the ablest and subtlest politician of his time, with two fixed aims, first, never to lose the throne as his father had done, and secondly, in his own time and in his own way to make that throne absolute. And both these aims he accomplished. Hardly one feels the founder of constitutional monarchy.

Mexico: New Interpretations

ASPECTS OF MEXICAN CIVILIZATION. By JOSÉ VASCONCELOS and MANUEL GAMIO. Chicago: The University of Chicago Press. 1926. $2.

SOME MEXICAN PROBLEMS. By MOISES SAENZ and HERBERT I. PRIESTLY. Chicago: The University of Chicago Press. 1926. $2.

Reviewed by CARLETON BEALS

THIS two-volume record of the Norman Wait Harris lectures for 1926 is timely and significant, with fewer *narcotici verbali* than most printed addresses. These twelve lectures reveal a vital cross-section of the Mexican scene in true perspective with the United States and Latin America. Crystal clear are these waters compared with the turgid casuistry of our State Department with its demagogic Bolshevism, canal rights, Monroe Doctrine, property rights, constitutionality, and professed neutrality in Nicaragua. If as Shaw declares, "truth-telling is not compatible with the defence of the realm," then these books should be put upon the Index; Pan-Americanism should become Pan-egotism; the newspapers should not criticize His Highness; the Paphlagonians, Potterites, and Men of Measured Mirth should alone be privileged to regale us with wisdom. In these two books, fortunately, patriotism and honesty, authority and tolerance, have become good bedfellows.

The first volume presents Señor José Vasconcelos, the first modern educator Mexico has produced, who has given Mexico its first large-scale application of the principles of universal education, and who like the great Argentinian Sarmiento and the Chilean Bello—men he praises—laid foundations which will ultimately curtail obnoxious militarism: and Doctor Manuel Gamio, a scientist, who has applied, to indigenous groups, original and successful educational methods—methods harmonized with a cultural program of anthropological and archæological reconstruction. It was Doctor Gamio who conducted the monumental excavation and restoration of the Ciudadela and the Pyramid of Quetzalcoatl in San Juan Teotichuacán; and who is, to my mind, the one man with a clear comprehension of the ethnic and social problems of the native Mexican race-blocs vis-a-vis with modern civilization. He has the only workable humanitarian program to incorporate them into the contemporary culture of the Mexican nation and the present-day world. It is a sad commentary on Mexican political practices that both of these men are now in exile and that the patria, which in Mexico's case so needs capable men—is deprived of their services. Vasconcelos is now a journalist and lecturer in foreign lands; Gamio has resorted to the conducting of a survey of the Mexican population in the United States; if I am not mistaken, both will still make notable contributions to the upbuilding of Mexico.

Much indeed of the knowledge and experience of these two men is conveniently condensed into this little volume, though Gamio's lectures, it must be admitted, are, on the whole, inferior to his "Forjando Patria" or to his masterful summary introducing his great three volume study of the Valley of Teotihuacán, for which he has been so honored in Europe. His present lecture, "Incorporating the Indian in (sic) the Mexican Population," while an excellent study of the causes of the present Indian submersion and the more practical immediate tasks involved, does not—perhaps wisely due to the limitations of his audience—develop the anthropological ramifications incident to the synthetic process of group reincorporation developed by him in Teotihuacán, and which he was on the eve of extending to Oaxaca when political machinations eliminated him from the Government of President Calles.

In historical approach Vasconcelos is more pro-Spanish, Gamio more pro-Indian. Vasconcelos often makes a virtue out of mere historical accident; Gamio exaggerates Hispanic racial, linguistic, and cultural disunity and overemphasizes the ethnic and social coherence of the native peoples. But both stride together in their appreciation of modern problems. Vasconcelos's words on Porfirio Diaz might well be addressed to the American colony in Mexico —eulogized by Mr. Priestly in the second volume— for ninety per cent of the resident Americans are rank interventionists quite lacking any conception of social change in Mexico. They sigh for the "good old days of Diaz,"—between bridge and business. The "Great Dictator" has perhaps returned in meth-

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od in the duumvirate of Obregón and Calles—but as the *Aufklärung*. Says Vasconcelos:

> The despot, leaving no political inheritors—such as only monarchs can leave—is always unable to take care of the future. So I feel entitled to say to all those defenders of the iron rule, to all the believers in personal rule and caudillism (military governing system): if you do not want to see another cycle of revolution and chaos, such as the one we are now passing through in Mexico, do not lend assistance to the personal aggrandizement of any Porfirio Díaz . . . because every Porfirio Díaz is bound to bring behind him a new era of hate and destruction and chaos.

And further on he adds, "The imperialist and the dictator always find ways to come together," a fact Mr. Kellogg could also doubtless tell us.

It is in his first essay, "Similarity and Contrast," that Vasconcelos rises to real brilliancy. In full, strong strokes he paints in the geographic, racial, economic, and cultural past, present, and future of Mexico and Latin America. Well-grounded in Herder and Buckle, he sees the day not far distant when, with the rapid development of electric energy, Mexico will have a new flowering as in the days when it was the silver house of world; so that "in this way, in our land of mystery and contrast, the mountain that has been a handicap is apt to become, to-morrow, just the treasure that is needed to give comfort and power to a great wonderful epoch." If his "Democracy in Latin America" argues—though eloquently—for the too obvious, in his "Race Problem" he again becomes incisive. No better understanding is to be found anywhere—unless in Luis Urbina's "La Vida Literaria de Mexico"—of the present shortcomings yet great potentialities of the *mestizo*, or half-caste, type, now emerging in all Latin America; and which will ultimately base its power in a true alliance with the Indian through the surviving Creole cultural links, the Spanish language and the Spanish type of culture. In the face of this unfolding culture we should replace Dollar Diplomacy and military aggression with sympathy and understanding. It is Gamio, however, who offers definite instrumentalities towards the promotion of such a changed attitude.

* * *

The second volume is by Moises Saenz, actual Sub-secretary of Education, a man educated in the United States and having a pragmatic understanding of the differences and resultant problems between the two peoples; and by Herbert I. Priestly, of the University of California, who, in my opinion, has written the best short history in English of Mexico. Here in this second volume of the Harris lectures are presented more concretely the actual difficulties, aims, and accomplishments of the Madero-Obregón revolution and the constructive Calles epilogue. Saenz gives a glimpse of the foreign invasion, via the economic denominator, revealing the resultant rise of new Mexican nationalism through the solidification of the labor movement and education. He pictures the slow but incremental gains in the face of such a fact as "the total amount received from oil taxes from 1901 to date would hardly have covered the total expenditures of the federal government for one year." The newer nationalism is reflected in the changed outlook of Mexican education. "In a sense the fundamental difference between the educational program of President Calles and the same program of the Díaz régime is that now we are thinking in national terms while twenty years ago they thought only in terms of the City of Mexico."

Priestly gives a similar, if somewhat weaker, picture of the changing internal and foreign forces—but in more political terms. However, he does topple over the mistaken conception that absentee capital invasion is necessarily a boon to the invaded country: "The exploited country receives only the proceeds of taxation, the wages paid to native workers, and a modicum of native initiative and participation. Only in agriculture is there an increment, for mining and petroleum development is exhaustive and destructive,"—a big gap between sound national development through native initiative, education, and political conscientiousness. In the quickening spirit of world economic processes, Mexico, if she is to survive, must not only appropriate more of these exploited benefits for herself, but—thinks Priestly—must build up her own economic mechanism. This must be accomplished before the end of the present century, by then "the vacuum" must be filled, her "great arable spaces" peopled "with industrious producers of food," or the rising sea of man's needs will overwhelm the country. And though Priestly has a naïve faith in the purity of the present application of the Monroe Doctrine, he nevertheless sees the only successful and happy solution in supplanting "the querulous reactions of nationalist designs and diplomatic legalisms with the warmth of neighborly respect and admiration."

Despite the fact that four minds have gone into the fashioning of these two books, the authors have all been connected with important educational undertakings; so that there is harmony of humanistic approach, singular unity, yet enough disparity in treatment to pique the attention.

In Kemalist Turkey

A TURKISH KALEIDOSCOPE. By CLARE SHERIDAN. New York: Dodd, Mead & Co. 1926.

CONSTANTINOPLE, THE CHALLENGE OF THE CENTURIES. By VICTOR MURDOCK. New York: Fleming H. Revell Co. 1926.

CONSTANTINOPLE, SETTINGS AND TRAITS. By H. G. DWIGHT. New York: Harper & Bros. 1926. $4.

Reviewed by HELEN MCAFEE

IN the old days before 1914 whenever there was a rumble of conflict in the Near East, you would meet shrewd-eyed European correspondents going down from Vienna on all the Balkan expresses—seasoned veterans, for novices could not be trusted in the diplomatic mazes about the Sublime Porte. Constantinople was then one of the great centers of that particular form of journalistic romance known as international news. After the war when Turkish fortunes were in eclipse and the whole Levant was infected with more than its usual number of plagues and disasters, the glamour faded for a time. But Mustapha Kemal has changed all that. Next to Mussolini he of all the present rulers of men has provided the press with the best copy. Once more the journalists' roads lead to Roum.

Mrs. Sheridan and Mr. Murdock, who are two of the latest to record their impressions, both write frankly as outsiders, without intimate acquaintance or historical background to help them, but both with a keen sense of adventure and a sharp curiosity as to the transition stage through which Turkey is now passing. Their books cover quite different matters. Mrs. Sheridan's "Turkish Kaleidoscope" is a thoroughly realistic performance. The author is an indefatigable traveler, and her avidity for new sights took her not only to Constantinople but into the Anatolian interior, to Angora, and up the inhospital Black Sea coast as far as Inéboli. No one who reads the accounts she gives of her way of drawing out her Turkish neighbors could accuse her of psychological subtlety in approaching a race at best remote and generally inaccessible even to sensitive observers. But when she has a four-square incident to tell as in the story of the boat-load of pitiful Russian refugees—victims of the present international entanglement—or when she describes a scene such as the bedraggled Bosporus village of Therapia, once a gay resort, her strokes are often bold and vivid.

"Constantinople, the Challenge of the Centuries" is almost purely speculative. Mr. Murdock's method of gathering material may be judged from the following aside. After speaking of his attempt to see the tombs of Roxelana and Suleiman, he says, "I sat down on a fragment of an ancient column, put up my umbrella against a rain that was too thick for a mist and too thin for a drizzle, and for an hour let my surroundings soak into me." He likes to take up a strategic position in the Hippodrome, or by the Burnt Column of Constantine, or in a famous Byzantine church, or on the crowded Galata-Stamboul Bridge, where the derby has lately replaced the fez greatly to the impoverishment of the color scheme, and allow his mind to play over history. Rather vaguely, it must be confessed. But he likes even better to turn his thoughts to the future, and his guess is perhaps as good as that of more profound commentators. Towards what is Kemalist Turkey moving? Mr. Murdock proposes a categorical answer to this question, which has perplexed many. Mohammedanism he thinks is dying out—it is, in his view, incompatible with the rising Democracy. The present political and social changes, he writes, are leading the modern Turk into "a strange territory—acceptance of Christian culture and eventually subscription to Christianity itself." A strange territory indeed! The reader interested in this prophecy, which is the main-spring of the book, will like to weigh for himself the evidence, inconclusive as this necessarily is, that Mr. Murdock presents in support of his striking thesis.

It is a pleasure—not quite an unalloyed pleasure—to welcome the new edition of Mr. Dwight's "Constantinople." In an important, if a purely physical, detail the present format is an improvement over the previous one. Though still a heavy book as any big, profusely illustrated volume must be, it is not now so wrist-breaking as it was in the original issue. As to the text, the alterations do not bulk large, but they are significant. There is a new preface, as was to be expected. Fifteen out of the seventeen chapters have been reprinted with few changes, as was also to be expected. The settings and traits which Mr. Dwight singled out for accurate description and sensitive interpretation in "Mosque Yards," "The City of Gold" (my city), "The Moon of Ramazan," and in the charming pages on fountains, feasts, and holidays have either been unaffected by the course of the last decade or they have passed into memory still intact as they were here set down. The two concluding chapters have been mainly rewritten. The section originally called "War Time, 1912-1913," now appearing as "Balkan Prelude," has suffered the ironic foreshortening that all records of contemporary events must suffer once they have retreated into history; and a later chapter has been added giving impressions of Constantinople at the entry of Turkey into the Great War—will it always enjoy this exclusive title?

* * *

Mr. Dwight's "Semi-Philosophic Finale," as he names his new ending, is both more philosophic and more tentative than the ending of the previous edition, more in the nature of a valedictory and less of a prophecy. Clearly he does not care to hazard a guess as to the outcome of Mustapha Kemal's experiments or as to the future of Turkey. Nevertheless, he throws out some interesting suggestions, of which you may make what you will. One is the quoted opinion of a French priest expressed to the author as both were leaving the country in 1915. Long a friend of the Turks, the missionary priest had this to say of them: "Poor Turks! They will never arrive anywhere, for they lack continuity, *l'esprit de suite*." But it is precisely of this lack, this weakness in a sense of the past (if it be a weakness), that the Nationalist leaders now in power have tried to make a strength. This attempt accounts for the most paradoxical elements in their current policy—as for example in their treatment of Constantinople itself. It is the avowed aim of the Kemalist government to put Turkey on a new and progressive economic basis; yet the steps they have taken so far, going against all historic precedent, have resulted in reducing a city which has held a place among the first commercial centres of the world, and which is the only great centre on Turkish soil, to the rank of a third-rate port. Such implications Mr. Dwight is content to leave, where they belong, on the knees of the gods.

The perusal of Mr. Dwight's book is, as I have said, not an unalloyed pleasure for readers interested in the Near East, because it arouses anew the regret that they have been unable through these late critical years to retain in the field the services of this gifted intellectual ambassador.

James Ford Rhodes, one of the leading American historians, died recently in his seventy-ninth year. His best-known work was a history of the United States which appeared at intervals between 1893 and 1920. He was at one time President of the American Historical Association, and was the recipient of many honors.

The Saturday Review of LITERATURE

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East and West

CHINA AND THE WEST. By W. E. Soothill. New York: Oxford University Press. 1926. $3.50.

Reviewed by Sydney Greenbie

THIS sketch of over two thousand years of intercourse between China and the west has only one illustration; and that picture is of a caravan of camels under the great walls of Peking. This, more than the title of the book, reveals the nature of its contents. For Mr. Soothill (who is professor of Chinese at the University of Oxford) has not attempted to convey romance in these six lectures for students of history. Nevertheless by means of a paragraph here and there he has injected not a little of the drama of history into this brief study. A man cannot have spent forty years of his life peering into the past of that enigmatic land without being quickened somewhat into something more than the marshalling of ponderous facts, which is the habit of the pedantic scholar and historian.

The book presents a birdseye view of the history of China's relations with the outer world. To those who still believe that China was always shut to us, it will come as a surprise to read that there was a time when China welcomed and sought contact with distant nations. The general assumption is that Marco Polo in the thirteenth century was the first to break that seclusion. Professor Soothill goes back to 150 B. C., to the time when through "General Chang, whose name, like most of the Changs of China, might be translated Bowman, or Archer," China sought to penetrate western Asia. The Emperor had sent him on a mission. It was beset with difficulties and met with failure. But note the attitude of the Chinese in contrast to that of the Venetians, when information strange and incredible came back to them. "Unlike Marco Polo," says Professor Soothill, "who on his return was considered to be a romancer, General Chang was welcomed, believed, and rewarded with high position. He brought back with him—no doubt hidden as seeds in his clothes—the walnut, the grape, and hemp, which are a perpetual monument in China to his memory."

There followed such lively intercourse that "by B. C. 104 it became necessary to avenge the murder of Chinese envoys at Ferghana, and General Li Kuang-li was sent with a large force on this punitive expedition. . . ." History is a strange commentary on man and his justice. This quotation sounds almost like a press report of foreign activities in China today. Soon India sent religion to China and Mongolia poured down militarism upon her. But Europeans did not send their traders and missionaries thither for over fourteen hundred years thereafter, and it was not really for two centuries after the incredible experiences of Marco Polo that Europe became restive for the good things of China. In that process America was discovered.

But it must not be forgotten that this study of China and the West is by an Englishman, and while the Englishman is generally as fair as anyone (and sometimes more so) in international matters, still, Americans cannot rely too much upon studies emanating from England. In this instance, for example, the fact of America having been discovered in the process of searching for a route to China is barely mentioned, and all that that discovery meant to the United States completely ignored, but English Trading Relations with China are given a whole chapter. There is further an altogether too simple consideration of the part played by the British East India Company in all that happened in China round and about the time of the American Revolution and down to the so-called Opium War with China.

There follow brief outlines of the Opium War, of the Taiping Rebellion, of China's wars with France and Japan, and subsequent reactions to the contact with the west. As a study of China's relations with Europe, particularly with England, and with a full knowledge of the background to these relations, the book is very much worth while. But Americans, let me repeat, are apt to be misled into believing that we have had a very slim and insignificant friendship and concourse with China from this. This is partly our own fault. We have ourselves ignored a phase of American history that is of utmost importance, or it has been relegated tc studies of documents and treaties without flesh and color. The English are more alert to the rôle they have played in every little scene of world affairs.

Qwertyuiop

A Shirtsleeves History

III. Scribes *vs.* Pharisees

WE ended our last chapter by musing on the many books that stuff Time's dustbin and the great wastage inevitable in the development of a literature. England has suffered from it as much or more than we. All countries have their "Lady Audley's Secrets"s and their "Through the Postern Gate"s. Miss Braddon was still alive in England fifteen years ago, and had written seventy books since Lady Audley. A staggering achievement! It had its humors. So, indeed, has this sort of thing from her logical successor:

"Boy, dear," she said, bending over him, with a catch in her voice; "you *must* be serious and listen. When I have said that which I must say, you will understand directly that it is no use having your seven days. It will be better and wiser to raise the siege at once, and march away. Listen! . . . Oh *cannot* you see that, however much I loved him—perhaps I should rather say: just *because* I love him, because I have always wanted to help him carry his heavy stones; make the best of his life and accomplish manfully the tasks he sets himself to do—I could not possibly marry my Little Boy Blue?"

That sort of thing was taken straight to the great warm throbbing heart of America as well as to the English heart. The average reader "ate it up" as beautiful writing, typifying true womanhood. Strong, red-blooded writing fit for the "regular men" of America they preferred to see typified thus. I quote from a different, and American, author:

And then It struck. Bedient was sprawled upon the deck. Blood broke from his nostrils and ears, from the little veins in his eyes and forehead. Parts of his body turned black afterward from the mysterious pressure at this moment. He felt he was being born again into another world. . . . The core of that Thing made of wind smashed the *Truxton*—a smash of air. It was like a thick sodden cushion, large as a battleship—hurled out of the North. The men had to breathe it—that seething havoc which tried to twist their souls free. When passages to the lungs were opened, the dreadful compression of the air crushed through, tearing the membrane of throat and nostril.

When one considers the centuries that the writing craft has been practiced it seems strange that the one almost maudlin example we have given could be considered beautiful and uplifting, or that the other violently inflated one could be considered truly forceful. You would think that from the very multiplicity of books published, even in the last fifty years, some instinct for better stuff than this would have awakened in the main average. Yet we have just as bad stuff today selling by the carload. And we have even worse stuff, far worse, in a pest of new cheap periodicals. For the moron seems to remain a constant and the semi-moron toils upward by slow degrees.

* * *

Perhaps that is too harsh. The emotions of mankind are easily played upon. Usually they are laudable emotions when a work of the imagination is being digested. And the sentiments expressed by the authors that appeal to the crowd may be, frequently are, most laudable also. Only neither author nor crowd, seemingly, can distinguish between justifiable appeal and bogus appeal. For intellect seems to fly out of the window when emotion comes in at the door. Orgy results. Orgy on the part of the writer, who may be possessed at the same time of the most humane or stalwart feelings, —orgy communicated to the reader, who reads to be thrilled. Yet the test as to whether the appeal is legitimate or illegitimate is an extremely simple one. An illegitimate appeal is rarely conveyed in anything but shoddy writing. Hence the ability to distinguish between good and bad writing, to realize what is truly beautiful, what is truly forceful expression, is of prime importance. The general public labors under the delusion that what is important is the story. The fallacy of this is that there are, after all, only a certain number of stories, told over and over again, in different disguises,—that is, acts and events in life have only a certain number of motivating forces that can be arranged only in a certain number of combinations. The delight of masterly writing and of its appreciation lies in the art with which an old story is retold. By "old" I mean that, when you strip any story to its essential elements, you will find its roots in ancient originals. The creative gift consists in creating a freshness of scene, characters and episodes so keenly and truly imagined that the ancient seems entirely new. The nature of the commentary on life changes, of course, as the age changes. There is a new emphasis stressing new human discoveries. This also, and the inherent individuality of the writer, clothes old situations in new light. I may be going a bit far afield,—but a history, even a shirtsleeves history, of our literary growth necessitates occasional indulgence in a few generalizations by the way.

Today we are going through a phase of interest in "true stories," gathered from actual experience. The "true stories" that the crowd reads are for the most part of a ghastly cheapness and not even veracious, being the work of journalistic hacks. The true stories the intelligent read are in the nature of autobiography. Biography is as though it were just discovered. Yet, despite this phase of interest, there is actually no more living virtue in such stories than in stories entirely imagined, provided always that they survive the simple test of which I spoke. How are they written? We need to become students of this language of ours which is the most powerful force for good or evil that we know. For, as Hazlitt said, "Words are the only things that last forever."

DAVID GRAHAM PHILLIPS

I myself have often thought of advocating a certain censorship (even though ordinarily I abhor censorships). Not to be too serious, I should apply it to style, to the manner in which a book is written. For if the actual writing is bad, the book is pretty certain to be bad,—pernicious in the sense that it whips up the reader's emotions over drivel, that it makes us intensely glad or sorry about something that is actually a lot of balderdash. There are exceptions, of course. But if we continue to respond to bad style conveying bogus appeals, we become unable to respond to the true beauty and tragedy of life. We continually corrupt our emotions.

Of course all this talk is not particularly new. But it seems to me that for a long time to come we shall need its reiteration. Judicious reading and a genuine respect for the uses of language establish the best philosophy in the mind, aid most strongly the growth of the soul. Not that we need take our reading with too high a seriousness in regard to self-improvement, but certainly we must judge writing as an art if we are ever to understand its essence.

There, my high-brow flurry is ended! All sorts and conditions of writers make up this literary world. Toward the end of 1912, Henry Mills Alden, the veteran editor of *Harper's* had been talking of the value of realism. He felt that the greatest literary change coming about was that we were dealing in that day more and more with the truth of experience. Permeating the mass of ephemeral literary merchandise a stricter spirit was manifesting itself. Our more recent realists were even then assembling. Meanwhile David Graham Phillips was dead, a novelist who had, in his "Susan

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Lennox," blazed a naturalistic trail, though encumbered by his tendency toward melodrama.

Phillips, perhaps, should not be reckoned among our foremost writers (though where, in that case, is Winston Churchill?) but Frank Norris and he and Robert Herrick and Theodore Dreiser, all born within a span of four years[Phillips being the eldest (1867), Herrick second (1868), Norris third (1870), and Dreiser fourth (1871)], seem to me to have brought the greatest driving power into our fiction. Norris had died in 1902 at the age of thirty-two. His "McTeague," and "The Octopus" (from his trilogy of the wheat), and the later resurrected "Vandover and the Brute," published first in 1914, stand as monoliths. Phillips was assassinated in 1911 and left twenty novels written in ten years. He had written of the corruption of politics and of the tangle of marriage. "Susan Lennox" appeared posthumously, it was not brought out, in two volumes, until 1917. It is the underworld novel of a streetwalker, but, in its entirely unprurient candor and breadth of understanding and power of representation, a work of stature. It should be read again in this day of plays like "Broadway" and "Chicago." Herrick continues to write, but has not surpassed "Together," published in 1908,—again the novel of marriage, of many mismatings. Dreiser has passed Herrick on the road to fame. His power is greater as is his range, though his style is generally inferior. Booth Tarkington, in 1912 had not yet struck his best vein, his "Penrod" and "Seventeen" and "Magnificent Ambersons" and "Alice Adams" which, in sequence, were to reveal a most extraordinary insight into the comic tragedy or tragi-comedy of the lives of youngsters and adolescents. Tarkington surpasses any of them in technique, and he excels in comedy, but his sympathies are narrow, his outlook restricted, and when he attempts a large canvas, as in "The Turmoil," he fails by comparison with the naturalists and realists I have mentioned. He is not of their calibre, though an accomplished artist in a certain *genre*.

(*To be continued in a fortnight*)

Advertising Science

ADVERTISING RESEARCH. By PERCIVAL WHITE. New York: D. Appleton & Co. 1926. $6.

Reviewed by ERNEST ELMO CALKINS

"THE trade of advertising," said Dr. Johnson in 1759, "is now so near to perfection that it is not easy to propose any improvement." Few advertising men in 1927 feel so complacent about it. They are constantly proposing improvements, either privately to their clients or publicly in their books. Dr. Johnson was closer to the modern view when he said, as he did at the auction of Thrale's brewery, "We are not to sell a parcel of boilers and vats, but the potentiality of growing rich beyond the dreams of avarice." Boswell evidently thought this a mere flourish, but anyone who has walked through the twelve acres of buildings that compose the breweries of Barclay, Perkins & Company in Southwark, will agree that Johnson was a true business prophet. It is with just such potentialities that advertising is concerned. Advertising is not an end, but a means. It cannot be examined except in relation to its results. Its practice has always demanded a blend of two mental qualities, the practical and the ideal, the business and the vision. One is a controllable factor, subject to analysis, classification, and tabulation. The other defies analysis and refuses to be brought to book. It is a blend of hunch, instinct, and imagination. Advertising is a structure of fancy erected on a foundation of fact. It is possible to ascertain by scientific methods that a large market exists for a certain product, that the price is reasonable, that it is or can be distributed to the shops where such products are sold, but the appeal, the argument, the stimulation which will make people buy that product can be produced by no formula. The words of a successful advertisement are as wayward as the air of a popular song. A fact about a product or a market is a fixed, unchanging entity, but the ways of expressing that fact in terms of desire are legion, which is fortunate, as the need of variety in style is one of the facts about advertising which is immutable. A good style becomes a bad one just as soon as it is adopted by too many advertisers. Too many advertisers and some advertising men get the two fundamentals of advertising mixed. They think that because facts can be standardized, advertising is an exact science. They talk of "scientific advertising," of "taking the guess out of advertising." But advertising has four dimensions. Three are exact dimensions and can be measured by the statistician's instruments of precision, but the fourth dimension is the advertising itself, that which makes all the preliminary surveys and researches effective in the only place that matters, the customer's mind. To accomplish this there are words and pictures, the selection and arrangement of which produces the advertisement, or better, a series of advertisements, the cumulative effect of which is a public state of mind beneficial to the manufacturer whose product is thus presented.

The wisest paragraph in Percival White's book, "Advertising Research," is in the preface. He says: "It is fully realized that advertising science is still in the embryo stage and that no book on the subject can succeed in teaching anyone how to create advertising. It is even conceded that creative advertising can never be taught by this or any other method."

Mr. White belongs to the fact finding group of advertising men. He has recently been made President of the Market Research Council, an amalgamation of various groups engaged in collecting information about markets and mediums. This information is necessary to prepare the advertising to fit existing conditions, and he has filled his book with examples of various investigations made during recent years, and deduces principles from them. Examples are given of nearly every method of counting noses known to advertising.

Newspapers and magazines prepare graphs and charts of their markets to present to the advertiser. The advertiser or his agent conducts investigations to learn more about existing market conditions. All these various efforts cross and duplicate one another. That is why the Market Research Council was organized. There is danger of the mass production of statistics defeating itself; that we will be unable to see the truth because of the abundance of facts. One wonders what mind is going to be able to absorb all this mass of figures. But however that may be, Mr. White's book is a good guide to what is known about such work, how to conduct research by house-to-house canvass, questionnaire, observation, or interview. It is not an easy book to read and therefore not an easy book to write about, because the bulk of it is taken up with the investigations themselves, which are interesting only to the interested party and not always then. It is an attempt to apply the methods of science to the ascertaining of facts about business. The scientific approach assumes nothing and is prepared to learn from the facts themselves. This is in itself important because some researches have been made to bear out a predetermined state of mind. The necessary steps are observation, analysis and comparison, generalization and verification, and these steps are applied in turn to the product to be advertised, the audience—that is, the market which is to buy it—and to the advertising itself.

An attempt is also made to apply the scientific method to production of the actual advertising, but not with such good success because of the limitations which the author himself states in the preface.

The objections to attempting to read the public mind by questionnaire are well known. The public does not know its own mind; does not know how to answer a questionnaire without self-consciousness. So allowance must be made for the nature of the questions themselves.

Also it is difficult to assay a large enough slice of the population to get enough points to determine the real curve. It is believed by many that a competent advertising man can learn from an interview with a few key men in an industry more worthwhile facts about a market, or a product, than can be deduced from tabulated questionnaires. That is, there are two schools of advertising: Those that lean heavily upon carefully ascertained facts, and those that lean heavily on common sense. It is easy to carry research too far. Advertising is after all only able to consider the broadest and most general conditions. It is not in itself an instrument of precision, and it therefore cannot be made to follow blueprints closely.

There is no doubt that Mr. White's book is as good a book as has yet been written on this subject; that it is a valuable reference book to anyone who wishes information about this field of work, but the part that research is to play in advertising is not yet fixed, nor is it fully determined what kind of research results will be most valuable to the advertising man.

Roughly, the relation that ascertained facts have to the advertising you see in the magazines and newspapers is that of the foundation of a building to the structure itself. The foundation is necessary, and in the case of a skyscraper it is absolutely necessary that the foundation men shall get down to bed rock to afford a sure footing for the tall building. But after they are all through with their work you can look down in their hole and see nothing, and after the foundations have all been run down to bed rock the building is still to be designed and erected. But it is erected on this foundation, though the foundation itself does not determine the architectural style or the use to which the building is to be put, either its utility or its beauty. And the facts behind any product or market are necessary for the preparation of the most efficient advertising, but the facts themselves are not the advertising, and the great creative job still remains to be done after the facts have been collected, sorted, tabulated, and elucidated.

Aerial Whirlpools

TROPICAL CYCLONES. By ISAAC MONROE CLINE. New York: The Macmillan Co. 1926. $5.

Reviewed by ALEXANDER MCADIE
Harvard University

DR. CLINE is well known as the official forecaster in charge of the Weather Bureau at New Orleans. He has had as much experience with tropical storms as any man living. For about forty years he has been a close student of these great aerial whirlpools; and his personal experiences, especially in the memorable Galveston hurricane, September 8, 1900, were such as few mortals have lived through. He has been in nine other hurricanes or tropical cyclones, all at New Orleans.

In this volume he assembles the surface data, that is, records of pressure, wind, and weather, of all the tropical cyclones that have moved in over the Gulf and South Atlantic regions during the past quarter century, except as hereafter mentioned.

A long acquaintance with marine meteorological work brings him to the rather unexpected conclusion that observations made aboard ships must be taken with some reserve. While allowing that masters and officers are conscientious enough and do their best, it seems that the determination of wind force on a steamship is not reliable; also the ship's exact position is often 50 miles in error. Besides at such times there is much risk and considerable confusion, all of which militate against accuracy of observation.

At the outset, let it be stated that the good people of Miami will look in vain for any mention of the storm of September 18, 1926, which worked havoc along the south end of Florida. The text was in type probably before this date, and of course the collection of detailed data of a storm of this character requires months. The good people of Florida will find, however, an analysis with hour-to-hour values of no less than sixteen memorable destructive hurricanes in the interval 1900-1921, which have swept in on the Gulf and South Atlantic Coasts.

Dr. Cline might well have begun his volume with the lines written fifty-six years ago by Francis Bret Harte, about the time he was offered the chair of recent literature in the University of California. Of course in that realm of unexcelled climatic eveness, the hurricane is unknown, although the writer of this review whose business it once was to watch the winds of the Pacific and warn of frosts and showers, remembers many a man-sized southeaster, and all-too-frequent northers, vigorous enough to stop trans-continental expresses. At the time Harte wrote the following lines, our Government was considering the purchase of the Virgin Islands from Denmark. Our Government was also starting a Weather Service—on economical lines, by utilizing the Signal Service of the Army. The conjunction impressed Harte, and he wrote

> Said the black-browed hurricane
> Brooding down the Spanish Main,
> "Shall I see my forces, zounds!
> Measured in square inches pounds?
> With detectives at my back
> When I double on my track!
> All my secret paths made clear!
> Published to a hemisphere?
> Shall I? *Blow* me, if I do!"

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And from that day to this, the black-browed brooder has been quite cleverly tracked; and not only that; but full and ample warning given to all in its path, to tighten and fasten, to brace and strengthen, and make ready for the onslaught of the wind.

Dr. Cline points out that the highest sustained wind velocities at *all* stations in *all* storms (italics ours) are shown in the right rear quadrant. The next highest velocities are in the right front quadrant. But as a matter of fact the highest velocities in these hurricanes do not exceed certain straight wind records. Omitting for a moment, mountain peak records and tornado winds, we find winds of 100 miles an hour along the coast from Pt. Reyes to Cape Mendocino. The winds on Mt. Washington and on most high peaks will frequently exceed the sea-level velocities of tropical storms. In the upper air we have a record of 83 meters per second at a height of 7,200 meters, that is 186 miles an hour at a height of four miles.

Dr. Cline has devised a method of charting which is ingenious. The path having been determined, based on lowest barometric readings and time of wind shift, the hourly wind and cloud directions, also the surface velocity and rainfall are entered on tracing paper. Two intersecting lines drawn on the paper divide the area into quarters. The advance of the hurricane corresponds with the vertical line. In other words, the original sheet with the path marked on it represents the earth's surface, while the tracing paper marked off into quadrants represents a moving cyclonic area. This is done in order that entries of wind and precipitation shall appear in their proper positions.

* * *

It appears that the rainfall is heaviest in the right front quadrant in all the storms studied. The heaviest hourly fall occurs 80 miles in advance of the center and to the right of the line of progress of the storm. This is from seven to ten hours before the arrival of the lowest pressure. In the rear half of the cyclonic area there is no precipitation of consequence. This seems to be a different distribution from that of extra-tropical storms where with the advance of the cold front, cold air under running warm air, the precipitation while not of long duration is rather heavy. It is to be noted, however, that in the case of three hurricanes with diameters of 200 to 400 miles, which lost energy on reaching the land and died away, the rainfall differs from that of the traveling cyclone; and there is much precipitation in the rear quadrant; often as much as on the front quadrant.

This rain distribution might be used by the forecaster to advantage in determining the probable path of the disturbance.

The discussion of the clouds is not extensive, and this is to be regretted; for the clouds tell more of the structure than surface winds can. This seems to be a weak spot in the book and also in present observational methods. There would seem to be no good reason why with adequate instruments, the velocities and directions of the air streams at flying levels should not be available. At Manila and Havana, the Jesuit observers pay much attention to clouds; and it should be noted that it is not so much the cirrus clouds as the clouds of lower levels which are significant.

A unique treasure has just been acquired by the University of Chicago Library. It has purchased from Mr. Gabriel Wells of New York a volume containing fifty-two manuscript pages intermingled with proofs of one of Balzac's earliest stories, "Le Secret des Ruggieri." The proofs, of which there are seven sets, are covered with corrections and additions in Balzac's own handwriting. It was his expensive habit to do much of his actual writing on proof-sheets, using the manuscript mainly as a point of departure. Thus one-third of the story of the "Ruggieri" is to be found on the margin of these proofs. The volume is of interest not only to the collector, but it offers an unrivaled opportunity for the student. Here he may study Balzac's method of composition in its earliest stages. A similar opportunity is afforded by another recent acquisition of the University of Chicago Library, namely, the first edition of Balzac's "Scènes de la Vie Privée." Both of these treasures come to enrich the original Croué collection of Balzac, which has been maintained at the University since 1923, and forms the most remarkable collection of such material in this country.

The Bowling Green

Sidelights on Toulemonde

I SAW the little room, the dusty table,
The ashtray with its dump of burned tobacco,
And in the corner, underneath the desk,
The old galoshes that he never wears;
The littered papers, and the empty glass
Still moistured with a sweet illicit vapor—
He can't have been gone long.

And this, I said, was where he fought with words.
Here was where, after such idiot doubting,
The words began to come: He put them down
No more ashamed of his own bitter thought
Than startled by the secret thoughts of others;
Stared at the Bridge, the River and the Island
And said, See here, this needs no pretty trick
Of emphasis or art; this needs no fear
Of ridicule, for this is merely statement,
The blurted outcry of a dying man—
(All men are dying men, you might remember.)

He can't have been gone long—the ashtray smoulders,
The chair's still warm. We may have passed each other
In the elevators. I *must* find him,
He mustn't go like that, his heart all naked,
Exposed to beauty and alone, alone
In this terrific city where a million
Cruel chances hurry to rush in
Between him and his words.

God, if there's anything in me he needs
How proudly I can give. Conspue the thousand
Irrelevants of douce and chaste behavior—
He needed me more than he needed God,
I gave him nothing.
(No, that's not true, and he would first deny it.)
He can't have been gone long.

I imagine that he cried out in amazement,
Staring in this little barren room:
What if the words should come!
After such an apoplex of silence
Suppose my words should come!
And in that disbelieving joy, dear fool,
Went out among too solid miracles
Carrying his fragile weight of words.

Happy people are much too defenceless.
He can't have been gone long? Perhaps you've seen,
Random in this rectilinear city
Or singing in some subway vestibule
One inordinately happy man?
Yet, cunning rogue, he has the madman's gift
Of counterfeiting strong solemnity:
I've seen him with a thousand windy miles
Of rain and midnight darkness in his head
And still could pass a perfect offhand howdy
With the casual elevator man.

Perhaps no one can find him except I.
He can't have been gone long.

Duets in a Hot Bath

"Assorted sorrows, anguish of all sizes"
Experienced man or woman recognizes,
But grievances that seemed quite unendurable
Prove, in the bathtub, humorous and curable.
My errors, said Jocunda the adorable,
Are obviously and painfully deplorable
But vanish hypochondrias and woes
When, soaking in the tub without my clo'es,
I admire the pink precision of my toes.
A good hot bath, and Coty's *Emeraude*
Will force old Satan to sing palinode.
(Though *Emeraude's* a bit pungent; I confess
I more esteem that stuff *Adieu Sagesse.*)

* * *

My favorite bathtub poet? William Blake
For porcelain penserosoes takes the cake:
Assuageable by Blake in recitative
Is every doubtfulness that makes you grieve—
Sedate or supine in my chaste caldarium
I detonate his songs and never vary 'em—

My mother bore me in the southern wild,
And I am black, but O my soul is white;
White as an angel is the English child,
But I am black, as if bereaved of light.

Donny, the Emeritus Dog, is growing old:
Silent he lies, unmoving, by the hour,
Metabolized like Peter Ibbetson.
His happy tail, curled like a question mark,
Flaps softly when he hears familiar tread,
But otherwise he sprawls in perfect swoon,
After so many barkings, so much ire.
So shall I lie and simmer in the tub,
Translucented in warmth up to my chin.
I have no prayers to pray (One does not pray
Lying on one's back). I merely think:
"Oh William Blake, dead just a hundred years,
I look towards you." (What a lovely phrase,
I look towards you!) This is your centennial
And you and I'll observe it in the tub—

Never seek to tell thy love
Love that never told shall be;
For the gentle wind does move
Silently, invisibly. . . .

* * *

One night Donny and I lay by the fire:
There was a sudden hissing blowing sound,
Long streaks of gassy flame burst from the log—
Some juice of summer, vaporized by heat,
Broke out in streamers and thin jets of fire.
And this was comfort, though I don't know why:
It brought me back from my uneasy trance
To the strange sweetness of the natural world.
And Donny came, the shaggy reprobate,
And laid his hairy, wise, Socratic head
Silent in the angle of my arm.

Bring me my bow of burning gold!
Bring me my arrows of desire!
Bring me my spear! O clouds, unfold!
Bring me my chariot of fire!

* * *

I can't read William Blake without a shiver,
He gives my spine embroideries of chill:
So a hot bath's the place to think about him.
His syllogism is often enthymeme,
But fortified by the soapsuds and the steam
I sometimes know the meaning of his dream—
Or if I don't, don't care—

The weeping child could not be heard,
The weeping parents wept in vain
They stripped him to his little shirt
And bound him in an iron chain. . . .

* * *

Oh immortality of the early day,
Before the day is doomed; before the feeling
Of Time and Hurry fevers in its veins,
Before the phantom of Tomorrow clouds it
(Which falls for the most part shortly after lunch;
And by the way, what irreparable harm
Tomorrows have done Todays).
Sing, child, your orison in the wholesome tub,
Think randoms, let your morning mind accost
Insolubles: what holds the heavy earth
Supported in its twirl in naked space?
Or, how are people clever at the tango
And lift their flexible ladies off the floor?

And by came an angel who had a bright key,
And he opened the coffins and set them all free;
Then down a green plain leaping, laughing, they run,
And wash in a river, and shine in the sun.
Then naked and white, all their bags left behind. . . .

Blake's the fellow for singing in the bathtub!

CHRISTOPHER MORLEY.

The *Literary Supplement* of the *Yale Daily News* has obtained from a committee of undergraduates a list of books which they think have a broad appeal to college men. The list is as follows, in order of preference:

"The Sun Also Rises," Ernest Hemingway (Scribners).

"The Casuarina Tree," Somerset Maugham (Doran).

"The Orphan Angel," Elinor Wylie (Knopf).

"Prejudices" (Fifth Series), H. L. Mencken (Knopf).

"Galahad," John Erskine (Bobbs-Merrill).

"The Science of Society" (Vol. 1), Sumner and Keller (Yale University Press).

"To-morrow Morning," Anne Parrish (Harpers).

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Books of Special Interest

A New Utopia

MAN'S WORLD. By CHARLOTTE HALDANE. London. Chatto & Windus. 1926.

Reviewed by ERNEST SUTHERLAND BATES

THE announcement of a new Utopia will perhaps not arouse any overwhelming enthusiasm in the majority of readers. But this Utopia has points of real novelty: in the first place, it is not written by H. G. Wells; in the second place, it describes a scheme of society which—or something like it—may probably come into existence within the next thousand years or so. Starting from the inexpugnable premise that political power in the modern world is ultimately dependent upon modern science, although the scientists themselves have up to date been content to remain the slaves of industry, Mrs. Haldane imagines them to be roused to political self-consciousness through the work of a great leader; another World War, which leaves the power of destruction in their hands, gives them their chance; a scientific autocracy, centralized in the metropolitan cities of "Nucleus" and "Centrosome," obtains control of the political fortunes of the whole white race.

What happens to the rest of the world we are not told; strips of artificial and impassible desert, constantly guarded, protect the chosen whites from possible incursions by the Black or Yellow Oxen of inferior races. Safe from outside interference, society is reorganized on a thoroughly scientific basis. Every trace of democracy is done away with; the rule of the expert is established in all branches of government and industry; education becomes entirely materialistic; religion disappears; the individual and the family are absorbed in the community. Determination of sex has been discovered, and every month the government allots the number of males and females to be conceived in each locality. Women are divided into two classes: those who enter the career of "vocational motherhood," who alone are permitted to bear children, and the "neuters" who are "immunized" medically and are free to devote themselves to professional careers or to become licensed courtesans in charge of lovemaking and all the other arts, "entertainers" as they are called with at least a better right than those extraordinarily boresome individuals who at present bear the title.

Into this model world is born Christopher, a belated romanticist and mystic, who fights ineffectively against the standardization all about him and at last, utterly defeated, sails away on his aeroplane into the void. Another prospective rebel, a woman who declines to choose between vocational motherhood and neuterhood, finds that through personal influence with the authorities she can avoid the issue, and her rebellion ignominiously collapses. Scientific stabilization has the last word, as far as Mrs. Haldane is concerned. A little further progress and this society will have attained its goal in the completely unconscious life of a well-ordered human ant-hill. And then, the disconsolate reader may reflect, an eruption of the barbarians from beyond the impassible deserts may sweep these intolerable Nucleusians and Centrosomites from the earth, and enter upon the path of scientific progress in their turn.

Psychical Research

PSYCHICAL RESEARCH, SCIENCE AND RELIGION. By STANLEY DE BRATH. New York: George H. Doran. 1926. $2.50.

SCIENTIFIC HUMANISM. By LOTHROP STODDARD. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 1926. $2.

Reviewed by WOODBRIDGE RILEY
Vassar College

ONE curious effect of the literature of psychical research is that the more one reads it the less convincing it seems. Considering the fact that the brain is necessary for thought, that matter and mind are somehow connected, there is nothing inherently improbable in telepathy or thought transference. But when the so-called evidences are presented conviction does not follow. Coincidence, association of ideas, community of interests and the like tend to explain away one of the very fundamentals of the psychic researcher. The author here refers to the classics of the "metapsychic," the latter being the official term adopted to designate all investigation outside normal psychology. But readings of books like Frederick Meyer's "Human Personality and the Survival of Bodily Death" and the voluminous "Proceedings of the Society for Psychical Research" makes one more and more sceptical. The climax is reached in referring to Alfred Russel Wallace's "My Life." Wallace, co-discoverer with Darwin of the principle of natural selection, was a great scientist, but that did not prevent his having a water-tight compartment in his brain in which were stored his "Spiritualistic Experiences in England and America." A rereading of these experiences leads one to the conclusions of the committee recently investigating the "Margery" case in Boston. The verdict was "not proven" on the part of the scientists concerned, and "trickery" on the part of the magician Houdini who claimed that he could produce all the phenomena by sleight of hand and his "magic" cabinet. Such phenomena are the same old stock in trade which Wallace considered proofs of "survival," namely materializations of living forms, some of which are personal; hyper-physical photographs of deceased persons; written messages on the photographic plate and otherwise; personal and impersonal predictions; messages automatically written purporting to be from such persons, and visions of the dying.

Now Stanley De Brath calls these "facts" which have been severally and definitely substantiated from the scientific standpoint. The same claims were made a generation ago in the palmy days of Spiritualism, but the Seybert Commission on Spiritualism of the University of Pennsylvania came to similar negative conclusions as to the actuality of these phenomena. Indeed some of the scientists concerned learned how to reproduce mind readings, table tippings and materialization as skilfully as the followers of the spirit-rapping Fox Sisters. The only difference is that this generation has new names for the old ways of thinking. Mind reading, or lucidity, is called cryptesthesia, table tipping, or mechanical action at a distance is telekinesis, and materialization calls in ectoplasm, or the "formation of divers objects, which in most cases seem to emerge from a human body and take on the semblance of material realities—clothing, veils, and living bodies."

To any one who has attended the ordinary commercial séance mind reading appears to be that kind of psychological "fishing" which Professor Joseph Jastrow has so well described in his "Fact and Fable in Psychology." So with phenomena of telekinesis, from those of the discredited Madame Blavatsky to the unverified reports of the Irish investigator, Professor Crawford. But ectoplasm,—is that metapsychic, or simply the clever ejection of some organic secretion or flimsy material like a bit of tulle? The photographs here submitted awaken immediate doubt. The frontispiece of an ectoplasmic face is apparently that of a staring French doll; the ectoplasmic cloud looks as if the plate had been light struck, the portrait of Dr. Geley (deceased) resembles a double exposure. Indeed, as an amateur photographer recently remarked, there are at least two dozen ways in which "spirit" photographs can be faked.

In contrast with this book which becomes less convincing the more details are added Lothrop Stoddard's work is of so loose a texture, and so full of logical gaps that it carries no conviction at all. For a medley of trite phrases, rhetorical questions and commonplace quotations read this passage: "A new age is at hand. Its dawning lights the sky. What is that new age to be? Will it witness a fresh flowering of the human spirit?—a great advance along the path of progress? Or will the rose tints of dawn be overcast by clouds heralding a day of storm and stress and closing in the night of another Dark Age?" Such are the queries, it is explained, which today stir forward-looking minds, but to them the author gives no answer except pages of references to recent works like Wiggam's "New Decalogue of Science," Robinson's "Mind in the Making," Fielding's "The Cave Man Within Us," and Schiller's "Tantalus, or the Future of Man." We are grateful for this reading list but it seems to throw little light on "The Perilous Present," The "Split in the Camp of Progress," "The Heart and Head Quarrel," to mention only a few acts in what might be called the Follies of 1925 on the stage of Scientific Humanism. To judge from equally high sounding titles of his other books this writer is a perfect impresario of vague generalizations.

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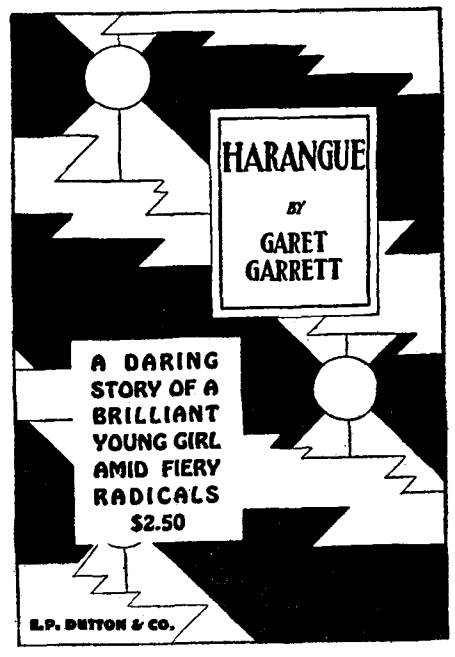

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Foreign Literature

Werfel Among the Saints

PAULUS UNDER DEN JUDEN VON FRANZ WERFEL. Vienna: Paul Szolnay. 1926.

Reviewed by PIERRE LOVING

IF Bernard Shaw ever writes the legend of Jesus in dramatic form, as he is rumored to be doing at present, he will, one hazards, make it viable to his own public, a public that is at once sophisticated and simple, by a leaven of humor, wit, reason, and satire. He will intermix timeliness and abolish the strangeness which invariably accompanies distance by holding in solution as it were history itself. The solution may in the end be so powerful that as we have seen in a number of Shaw's plays, it will destroy the core of the legend, giving us back chiefly a certain unfading truth about ourselves.

Now Franz Werfel in writing "Paul Among the Jews" has severely avoided almost all of these elements and for a good reason. He wished, evidently, to produce a sort of cultural drama which, when read or played, would be as beautifully simple as an unwritten chapter out of the Acts. He sought, in addition, to portray through Saul of Tarsus, Gamaliel, the Patriarch of Jerusalem, Chanan, the rebellious son of the High Priest, Marullus, the Procurator, Frisius, Simon Peter, James, the Sanhedrin —all historical characters—a crucial moment in the history of Judaism and so in the course of the world. His concern mainly was to create drama and he knew that drama lay in making these persons simple and human.

But the drama was in effect already created, prepared for his hand. He has neither arbitrarily juggled fact nor tortured or invented situations. Neither have spurious glamour and a false romantic appeal, which distance lends, been used by the dramatist, and if the people live it is because, despite the remoteness of the dramatic incident, the speech they employ, the sadness of a passing culture and religion, are brought poignantly close to us. It is no mean achievement, for one thing, to have used history as a tool and to have purposed that tool—shaped, warped, and refined in the first place by the historian's mind—for the destruction of its own edge, historical bias itself. Werfel is interested in men as men, whatever the web of circumstance in which they happen to be caught. Shaw in *Saint Joan* makes us sense and touch at every moment of the play, the historical process, the give-and-take of all sorts of interpretations that centre in Joan, so that in the consciousness of the audience it is always the various interpretations that are warring against each other, really precipitating the dramatic conflict. This is not Werfel's way.

As the author says in his after-word, the emergence of the religious hero is always enshrouded in deep myth. The myth will be indifferent to historical fact or will use it to its own ends, coloring it, transmuting it, especially endowing it with the quality of mystery and paradox. There are far more precise facts available about Pontius Pilate than about Jesus. In the minds of men, singularly in the minds of the early Christians, the sharply-outlined facts grew dimmer and dimmer and strangely ambiguous. Not only do the versions of the Apostles differ one from the other but St. Paul's view of the message of Jesus becomes finally no longer a cult of Judaism, as it was until then in the minds of Peter and James, but a new concept—Christianity.

In "Paulus Unter den Juden" Werfel isolates arrestingly that point in time—a turning-point in civilization—when St. Paul, sensing the narrowness, literalness, and inadequacy of the law, especially in the light of the appearance of Jesus, envisages the future, his own future, and the long destined procession of the message and significance of Jesus Christ. The author manages to relieve high drama because his aim was primarily to create character at war with itself, at war with the minor cults and schools and parties, with the Roman Empire overshadowing all. And yet it must have been the very form of the Roman Empire that infected Paul with the notion of subduing the cities and peoples of the earth with a spiritual idea.

In the Rabbi Gamaliel, Paul's master, Werfel has portrayed one of his finest figures. It is with him, his beloved master, that Paul wrestles in an alcove of the temple for the sake of Jesus of Nazareth. He almost convinces the noble Gamaliel, Patriarch of Jerusalem, for the brand of Judaism practised by this nephew of Hillel —supposed to have been the teacher of Jesus —is close to later Christianity, tinged with Hellenism. The climactic scene takes place on the Day of Atonement. Marullus, the Procurator, having put down a Jewish insurrection, enters the temple. He reads a message from Cæsar to the effect that the ensigns of the Roman Empire shall be hung in the temple and the bust of Cæsar shall be placed near the altar, for Caligula is also a god. This portends the ruin of Israel. Paul, who is held for the exorcision of his devils, is set free and Rabbi Gamaliel, unable to bear the violation of the temple, kills himself, thus, ironically enough, desecrating the House of God which he tried to shield. Judaism is sick and the breath of decay is upon its limbs.

"Paulus Unter den Juden" is at bottom a play about Jews written by a Jew. Every aspect of Judaism, ancient and modern, is touched on in the course of the play, now in a neat epigram, now in a moving scene. Above all, the self-betrayal of Israel is painted, the hatred that reigns between Jew and Jew, the narrowness, the beauty, and grandeur of the stark, unbending reverence for the Mosaic Law. Marullus is endowed with an insight into the character of the Jews he has to deal with, that is both rare and unerring. He says in one place that if any one can destroy the temple and the Law, the Jews will vanish from the face of the earth. In another place he says: "How they hate us! And they hate each other just as much—and no Jew believes in another Jew." Now Marullus, being a politician who mixed with place-men rather than large forces, was incapable of seeing that any root emotion such as love or hate, if strong enough, can breed its own posterity. The temple has been razed and the Law is of small effect and yet the Jews survive. They are still "the people of the book." Marullus did not count, moreover, upon Paul. Paul, as much as any other single item in history, is responsible for that survival. "There is only one sect," Werfel makes Marullus say, "which believes in a crucified Jew. But because they believe in another Jew, they are Jews no longer and cast out."

The weakness of the play lies perhaps in its epigrams for such, conceived by a man living in 1926 and presumably spoken by a man in 40 A.D., are of the nature of easy devices, what the French call *raccourci*, and when they deal with prophecy rather lacking in imagination. But Werfel has lavished his richest gifts on the portrayal of character, even the least of them. We never challenge their reality, so charged are they with dimension, with a body of true responses and feeling. In the end, however, we come to realize that the dramatic incident is foreign to us, and its value chiefly historical.

Franz Werfel has recreated both the situation and the characters, and the characters alone remain alive and moving. Both elements are given about the same amount of emphasis. You might duplicate the leading characters in the Prague ghetto, say, but you could not duplicate the crucial situation. The drama of losing Judaism and triumphant Christianity, at the one instant in its career when it really triumphed, has lost a good deal of point for us because, rather trivially, we are debating Fundamentalism, Evolution, and Glands. We are not concerned with the birth of a great mystic hero.

The letters of Emperor Francis Joseph I, selected from the secret archives at Vienna and edited by Dr. Otto Ernst, are soon to be published in English translation. They illuminate the political activities of his reign as well as the personality of the ruler.

M. J. Kessel, whose last novel "L'Equipage," was a notable success, has published a new book, "Les Captifs" (Nouvelle Revue Française). The captives are the consumptive patients in a great international sanatorium in Switzerland, where all the unfortunate inmates are rich and mostly doomed. The hero is a Parisian man of affairs, of the type that frequents the "American Bars," and has an "amie." He spends his health recklessly and is suddenly informed by his doctor that he must go away for a cure, or perish. The tale deals with his intrigue with another patient, like himself not very ill, an attractive woman who succumbs to his attentions and tries suicide when he abandons her, and with his final devotion to a poor little girl patient who is nobody and comes from nowhere, but who exercises a spiritual influence upon him before she dies. Readable, sometimes touching, the book certainly is.

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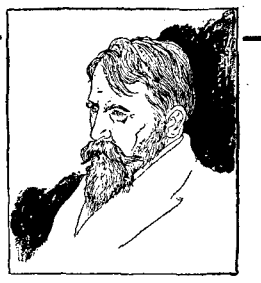

Schnitzler

AFTER a ball a Viennese physician lives over again, in cumulative magic, the whole circle of the loves he might have had. Ladies and prostitutes lure him with the intoxication of adventure, liberty and danger, so that he almost forfeits his own wife because of an infidelity she herself had dreamed.

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We believe "Rhapsody" will furnish more exciting speculation than any book that has appeared in a long time.

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by Carl Van Vechten

No pallid words have been used in reviewing Mr. Van Vechten's novel. Some critics have described it

As:
Amazing

Others as:
Shocking

Still others as:
Tremendously serious

Yet all have agreed that it is easily the *most important* and *entertaining* book that has been written on Negro life in New York.

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TROLLOPE

A COMMENTARY

Not only a straightforward gayly-written and brilliantly successful biography but a sparkling picture of mid-Victorian England. "The last word on Trollope as a novelist and as a man."—*London Outlook.*

BY MICHAEL SADLEIR

With an Introduction by A. Edward Newton

Illustrated, $5.00 *Houghton Mifflin Company*

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The AMEN CORNER

PAMELA has gone in for Internationalism. Always a champion of neglected causes, she has cast her *cerise béret* into the ring, and her hundred and twelve pounds into the scales, for the brotherhood of nations. Forsaking last year's crusade against prudery in parents as a tourney grown too popular, she has turned with dangerously sparkling eyes and a resolutely dimpled chin to the study of world politics. Borah and Chamberlain beware!

Barren are the benches of the County Fair since Pamela has neglected them for the pages of *Foreign Affairs*. Silent are the midnight shadows of Minetta Lane since Pamela's rippling laugh has given way to silent evening devotions over the *Survey of International Affairs*.(1) Desolate wanders the Publisher's Young Man, whose studied cynical indifference betrays an incipient passion, now that Pamela confines her starry eyes to *The New Germany*.(2) Only Young Harvard, who took politics under Haskins, is allowed to read to her from *The United States and France*.(3) And even he, poor Abelard, finds all too soon that *International Sanctions*(4) do not bring the special privileges for which he yearns!

But the Oxonian has scored heavily. The timely gift of *China and Her Political Entity*(5) evoked from Pamela's studiously pale lips the first smile since A. E. Zimmern autographed her copy of *The Third British Empire*.(6) And, if Pamela's political passion persists, the Oxonian will win more than a smile when *The Oxford History of the United States* appears next autumn. But before then come summer nights, and who knows but that Young Harvard, passing skilfully from international amity to a more personal plea, may secure the adoption of a Most Favored Nation Policy?

MEANWHILE, the Publisher's Young Man seeks consolation in literature. Attracted to mediaeval culture by the lively style and happy illustrations of *English Life in the Middle Ages*,(7) he went deeper into *The Legacy of the Middle Ages*(8) and *Life in Mediaeval France*.(9) At this juncture the timely arrival at 35 West 32nd Street of *The Autobiography of Benvenuto Cellini*(10) led him onward into the Renaissance, which he found to be more modern than Chicago or Sinclair Lewis. Cellini's memoirs, complete in the Roscoe translation in one readable volume of the World's Classics Series, have delighted the Publisher's Young Man, for they have nourished his fashionable cynicism, stirred his unfashionable imagination, and provided sprightly anecdotes with which to regale his admiring fellows over the noon-hour ravioli and Camembert of their 29th Street Cheshire Cheese. Cellini,—artist, courtier, and rascal extraordinary,—has made more endurable to the Publisher's Young Man the temporary indifference of the inconstant Pamela. To quote a *Medici* for her *Grotius*, a *Machiavelli* for her *Kant*, is the secret ambition of this flouted genius.

BUT the Publisher's Young Man has moments when he yearns for the time when he can indulge his love of Trollope. For Trollope is like the *Lacrimae Christi* of the slopes of Vesuvius; deliberation and a philosophic ease are essential to the full appreciation of the full-bodied richness of both. Both are delicacies for the man of cultivated palate, though full of nourishment for the less sophisticated sampler.

For nearly half a century a little group has cherished the Barchester novels and the Autobiography. Their devoted faith, their untiring praises, now win their own reward. New editions are appearing; first editions are being sought. Soon there will be biographical studies, and a bibliography of criticism for those who fear to walk alone. Then Trollope will take his place with Thackeray and Dickens, and the King of the Immortals will have had his laugh out!

The Oxford University Press, with commendable literary perception, long since foresaw and fostered this revival of Trollope. Eight Trollope novels and the Autobiography(11) (the latter one of the best-formed documents in our language) have long been available in the World's Classics. To these has just been added *Framley Parsonage*,(12) an amiable narrative in which Trollope reverts to his old characters, Mrs. Proudie and the Archdeacon. Here indeed is old England at its best and truest.

. . . "We that are young
Shall never see so much, nor live so long."

—THE OXONIAN.

(1)Two vols.: 1920-1923, $9.00; 1924, $8.50. (2)About $2.00. (3)$2.75. (4)85c. (5)$2.00. (6)$2.00. (7)$3.50. (8)$3.50. (9)$5.25. (10) 80c. (11) and (12)World's Classics Series, each 80c.

A Letter from Boston

By DALE WARREN

WINTER still broods over Boston, yet there is no end of talk about "Spring books." Little, Brown, Small, Maynard, Houghton Mifflin, Lothrop, Lee & Shepard, Marshall Jones, and the other publishers are all working over their Spring lists, and the Old Corner Store, Lauriat, and DeWolfe & Fiske are already planning their window displays for April and May. Mr. Gregory of Lothrop, Lee & Shepard, publishers of children's books, and Charles E. Lauriat are recently back from Europe. Herbert F. Jenkins of Little, Brown is expected on Beacon Hill again late in February, with the latest news of Hutchinson, Jeffrey Farnol, and Sylvia Thompson. Ferris Greenslet of Houghton Mifflin, who has lately prepared an American edition of Stanley Unwin's "The Truth About Publishing," sails on February 25 and plans to visit Anne Douglas Sedgwick in her remodeled home in Oxfordshire after her return from the Riviera. Mr. Greenslet's advent in London is invariably noted by the *Fishing Gazette* before the literary journals are aware of his arrival. This year he will join John Drinkwater on a fishing trip and they plan to stay in Ireland until the last trout is lifted from the Blackwater, Blarney, and Ballyhooly Rivers.

Stewart Beach of *The Independent* told me in the fall to watch for a new magazine, *The Sportsman*, which would be issued from 10 Arlington Street after the first of the year. I did so, and the first number surpasses expectations. It is a journal dedicated to amateur sport and appears to be the only one which covers the entire field from the point of view of the gentleman sportsman. W. A. Dwiggins, who designed *The Saturday Review of Literature*, *Harper's Magazine*, and *The Independent*, is responsible for its typographical dress, and Guy Arnou, the French artist has contributed a striking color illustration for the cover of the January issue. Richard E. Danielson and Christian A. Herter, editors of *The Independent*, are president and vice-president of the Sportsman Publishing Company, and Frank A. Eaton, formerly picture editor of the *New York Herald Tribune*, is managing editor of the new publication. On its advisory board are such recognized sportsmen as Louis E. Stoddard, Bayard Warren, Commander R. E. Byrd and R. Norris Williams.

February 15 marks the close of the competition for novels announced by the Atlantic Monthly Company. The award to the winning novel will be ten thousand dollars for its serialization in the *Atlantic Monthly*, and in addition, the author will receive the royalties of book publication when the novel is published by Little, Brown & Company. The *Atlantic* competition is the first of the many 1927 prize competitions to reach its goal and the editors anticipate a fight to the finish among the contenders. The canon for judging the merits of the manuscripts is to be solely that of inherent interest, combined with excellence of treatment. I am told by Edward A. Weeks of the *Atlantic* staff that about five hundred manuscripts have so far been received, and that all quarters of the globe, from South Africa to China and Australia, have put their money on favorite sons.

Those who have followed the growth and development of the *House Beautiful* since its editorship was assumed by Ethel Power will be glad to know that her volume "The Smaller American House" will be published by Little, Brown on March 15, as an Atlantic Monthly Press publication. To this work, as to her editorial duties, Miss Power brings the technical knowledge of an architect as well as the discriminating taste which yearly attracts new readers to the magazine. To William D. Kennedy, editor of *The Writer*, is due great credit for assembling the material so admirably arranged in "The Free-Lance Writers' Handbook." Harford Powel of the *Youth's Companion* has recently written a life of Walter Camp.

Another Boston editor who is to have a book out in the spring is Charles R. Walker. "Bread and Fire" is described as a novel of industry, yet it is not by reason of its subject matter alone that it is worthy of serious consideration. The book has no sermon to preach, and no point to gain. It is a stirring adventure in reality, a romance of the machine and machine-made society. The narrative possesses vividness and strength, and the book reveals a rare degree of intellectual honesty. Mr. Walker was for two years on the editorial staff of the *Atlantic Monthly*, and is now literary editor of *The Independent*. "Bread and Fire" is autobiographical to the extent that Mr. Walker has drawn richly upon his experiences as a worker in brass and steel mills during the interval between his graduation from Yale and his assumption of editorial work. His first book, "Steel: The Diary of a Furnace Worker," appeared in 1922.

Professor Bliss Perry of Harvard is being congratulated on the choice by the Book-of-the-Month Club of his "Heart of Emerson's Journals" as the book for January reading. This, as far as I know, is the second time the Selection Committee has chosen a work of non-fiction, and also the second time that their choice has rested upon a Boston author. Walter Noble Burns's "Saga of Billy the Kid" was the first non-fiction choice, and Esther Forbes first brought the award to Boston in June with that piquant novel of hers, "O Genteel Lady!" Two new books by Professor Perry will appear this spring. Little, Brown & Company announce his "Pools and Ripples," a group of essays for the angler, for April publication, and Small, Maynard will bring out "Eight Harvard Poets," a book of undergraduate verse, edited and selected by Professor Perry.

What are other New England authors doing, you ask? Their activities are so numerous and their comings and goings so rapid that I answer with a certain hesitancy. I saw Dorothy Speare a few months ago when she was at her home in Newton Centre recuperating from a tonsil operation. Her recovery was evidently complete as she hastened back to Italy, and cable dispatches reported an ovation after her operatic début in the title rôle of "Lucia di Lammermoor" at Asti. Miss Speare is an alumna of Smith College, the wife of Franklin B. Christmas, a Princeton graduate, and the author of three successful novels of the so-called younger generation. Doran will publish her fourth book this month, "A Virgin of Yesterday," which was written while she temporarily forgot the ill-fated heroines of Verdi and Donizetti. John Erskine is not the only author who combines music with best-selling fiction!

Lilian Whiting has also returned to Italy, and Caresse Crosby, the author of "Graven Images," to Paris. I received just the other day a book of "Sonnets" from her Boston husband, Harry Crosby, issued in an attractive edition by the French publisher, Albert Messein. Ann Hamilton, another Boston poet, has left for a winter in Havana with a stout volume of William Blake under her arm. Florence Ayscough has taken her Chinese dog by the leash and set sail for Shanghai. Isabel Anderson, whose new book "From Corsair to Riffian" comes out next month, has gone to South America with her husband, Larz Anderson. Jeannette Phillips Gibbs and A. Hamilton Gibbs were, when last heard from, enjoying life and leisure at Nice.

From R. N. Linscott there comes news of an encouraging sort from Archibald MacLeish, Conrad Aiken, Elliot Paul and other erstwhile Bostonians whom he saw on a recent trip to London and Paris. Samuel Merwin, when not in Concord, is a familiar figure at the St. Botolph Club. His latest book is "The Entertaining Angel," illustrated with drawings by Lansing C. Holden. Henry Beston wanders in and out of Boston like one of his own "gallant vagabonds" and William Whitman, author of "Navaho Tales," is writing a new book for children on his farm in Needham. David McCord, in the midst of varied duties, has found time to bring a number of his sketches and essays together in a book, "Oddly Enough." Henry Chapin is back in America, living in Washington, Connecticut, and Odell Shepard, of Trinity College, hopes to see his "Harvest of a Quiet Eye" in book form before many weeks.

H. R. Burgess and Marjorie Knapp moved their bookshops to Rye and Swampscott for the summer season, but the sea change does not seem to have injured their winter trade. Norman Alexander Hall has opened a new bookstore at Newton Centre, and Mr. Andrew McCance, the genial Scot of Ashburton Place, has just celebrated another birthday. Business is humming at the Old Corner Bookstore; it may be because Richard Fuller has secured the services of Dorothea Lawrence Mann as editor of "The Old Corner Book News." Boston literary news is more widely disseminated than ever now that the *Post* has inaugurated a Sunday book review page under the editorship of Charles Wingate.

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Who was this stranger that returned after ten years? He claimed to be a Laydon. Was it Jim who had married her, or was it Jack who had loved her, both reported missing in the great war? If neither, then who? Every distinguishing trait gone and his very personality seemingly changed, how was Evelyn Prothero to discover the truth? A tale of mystery, thrills and tender romance.

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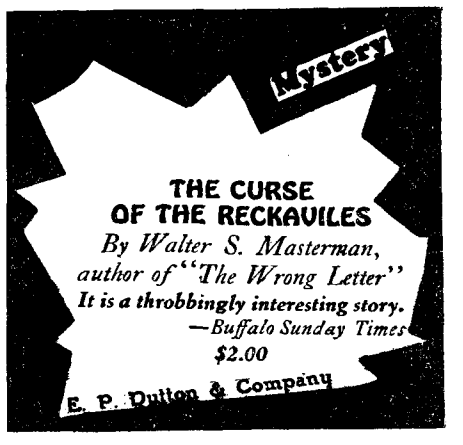
Mystery
THE CURSE OF THE RECKAVILES
By Walter S. Masterman, author of "The Wrong Letter"
It is a throbbingly interesting story.
—Buffalo Sunday Times
$2.00
E. P. Dutton & Company

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The New Books

The books listed by title only in the classified list below are noted here as received. Many of them will be reviewed later.

Belles Lettres

PROSE PREFERENCES. Edited by SIDNEY COX and EDMUND FREEMAN. Harpers. 1926. $2.

Sidney Cox and Edmund Freeman, assistant professors at Dartmouth and the University of Montana respectively, are probably good teachers. For this anthology that they have gathered is shrewdly done; intended chiefly as a textbook it is highly agreeable to the random lectambulant. It has a modest and sensible little preface, and the commentary notes on the authors represented are full of gusto. Evidently these gentlemen have learned the great truth, so often inscrutably darkened from teachers of "English," that literature is a voice, troubled or ecstatic, proceeding from the stress of life itself.

Their preferences in prose are pleasantly various. There will always be much good bedtime blessing in a volume containing such disgeneric charmers as Mark Twain, Katherine Mansfield, Schopenhauer, the author of The Book of Job, Walter Pater, Sherwood Anderson, and the two L. Pearsalls (Jacks and Smith). Some thirty authors are in the bundle. Robert Frost as a prose artist seems inadequately represented by a mere trifle he wrote (for the *Christian Science Monitor*) on Amy Lowell. When the editors speak of D. H. Lawrence as a "muscular personality" we wonder a little. It should be pointed out, though with regret, that Conrad died in 1924, not in 1925.

We live now in a daily emergence of anthologies. Few have as much excuse for existence as this one.

Economics

COÖPERATIVE DEMOCRACY. By *James Peter Warbasse*. Macmillan. $3.

AMERICAN LABOR AND AMERICAN DEMOCRACY. By *William English Walling*. Harpers. $3.

FRENCH INDUSTRY DURING THE WAR. By *Arthur Fontaine*. Yale University Press. $5.75.

Fiction

THE LAZY DETECTIVE. By GEORGE DILNOT. Houghton Mifflin. 1927. $2.

Harry Labar, the lazy sleuth, ceases loafing when threatened by his superiors with reduction in his rank of a Scotland Yard Divisional Inspector. To retrieve himself, he concentrates his robust energy upon tracking down the thieves who have stolen Millionaire Gerstein's art collection and "getting the goods" on Larry Hughes, the notorious crook leader. Quarry and hunter engage in several exciting encounters, with the breaks about even until the final duel, diverting side-play being furnished the while by Larry Hughes, the notorious crook leader. Quarry and hunter engage in several exciting encounters, with the breaks about even until the final duel, diverting side-play being furnished the while by Larry's pals and such unusual doings as forgery, abduction, and attempted murder. The yarn is an average good detective tale, in which Mr. Dilnot, who has lately published an authoritative "Story of Scotland Yard," gives the reader a generous, as opposed to the fictitious, view of that organization's actual inner workings.

PENELOPE FINDS OUT. By PAMELA WYNNE. Macaulay. 1927. $2.

One is vouchsafed no hint in the dull, monotonous first half of this English novel that the remainder of it holds tragic and markedly dramatic developments. Penelope, whose "wet seal head" and diminutive size are repeatedly stressed, is so nearly imbecile that what she "finds out" could not possibly be anything extraordinary, though on her part the experience of learning is decidedly a painful and hazardous one. She contracts a disastrous marriage with a neurotic young priest of the new Anglo-Catholic Church, a sect which permits its clergy to wed, and departs with him on a holy mission to the interior wilds of India. It is here that the truth of the fatal mistake she has made in the choice of mate is brought cruelly home to her, with consequences which nearly cause her death, but from which she is providentially saved, soon after attaining the safety of widowhood and the immediate prospect of a happier second marriage. Some of the story is very fair reading, but its earlier portion is fictional chloroform.

THE CITY IN THE SEA. By H. DE VERE STACPOOLE. Doran. 1927. $2.

Robert Lestrange, an aspiring author, has suddenly offered to him the chance, at problematical risk, to quickly reap a fortune. His patron, an elderly dealer in antiques, offering Robert an even share of the retrieved spoils, entrusts him with a plan for salvaging, from the floor of the shallow sea, the art treasures of an ancient Greek town, Hyalos, in the Ægean Archipelago, submerged for two thousand years. Adequately financed, Robert enlists the aid of his yachtsman friend Sam, a skilled mariner, who thereafter becomes the virtual leader of the expedition. Together with a girl (love must be provided), a small crew, and an expert diver, they depart in a fifty-ton auxiliary ketch for the Grecian isles. The treasures, which they readily locate and secure, the entire sunken town being clearly visible to the eye but a few fathoms below the surface of the water, are marvelous beyond their dreams. Complications best not mentioned here, however, involve the seizure of the prize, which make the homeward voyage an exciting and hazardous experience.

DANCE MAGIC. By CLARENCE BUDINGTON KELLAND. Harper. 1927. $2.

When Jahala was a child of six, her pious father discovered her dancing, nude and joyous, upon a sun-warmed meadow of his New England farm. Profoundly shocked, he carried her home, punished her, and made her take oath upon the Book that "you will hide your nakedness like a decent woman should." A dozen years later, fondly nursing the divine flame of Terpsichore, Jahala, determined to hide her nakedness no longer and well knowing that such gifts as hers in the art of the dance, once exhibited, will strike the world dumb with awe, departs furtively for New York. She has not over-estimated her powers, for a twelvemonth after her arrival she is a featured marvel of Broadway, a dancer without a peer. This all seems perfectly true and sensible to us, though it may not to everyone. At any rate, for being beautiful, a genius, famous, and immune to the wiles of wicked men, Jahala suffers sorely. The sour-tempered reader may finish the book believing that she has not suffered enough.

THE ANCIENT HUNGER. By EDWIN GRANBERRY. Macaulay. 1927. $2.

Mr. Granberry's grim first novel, the story of unsatisfied sex longing in a spinster verging on her forties, though it suffers at intervals from stylistic exuberance and performs no miracles of workmanship, gives evidence of a writing faculty that should be seriously regarded. The tale is far from cheery, and certain of its passages, being rudely frank, might affront the Nice Nellies, but it has the solid merit of going directly, competently, and revealingly to the heart of primitive fundamentals. Anna, the protagonist, is a robust female who has gone through her life-time without experiencing love. On the prairie ranch of her inheritance she leads a narrow, lonely existence, cut off from all association with people of her own kind. Her farm hands, Slavic emigrants of both sexes, who are constantly running amuck in frenzies of lecherous abandon, do not provide the languishing Anna with any strong incentive to preserve her virtue. Determined to part with the latter, she conceives an intense, overpowering desire for Anton, her brawny Polish foreman. But fate denies to her, after long, cruel struggles against the restraints of her inflexible chastity, the indulgence of her passion.

THE UP-GRADE. By GEORGE GIBBS. Appleton. 1927. $2.

This is the story of a young married couple's winning of prosperity, with consequent loss of happiness. Clem Bowman the husband, is a small town failure, so inefficient that he lacks even the ability to hold together the simple business he has inherited. Driven to desperation by his shiftlessness, Emmy Jane, the wife, an avaricious, practical, domineering soul,

(*Continued on next page*)

New Crowell Books

Adult Education

By JOSEPH K. HART, Associate Editor of The Survey

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This discussion attempts to present an improvement of supervision which has been experimentally tested over a period of years. Of value to teachers, supervisors, principals, and superintendents on the job, and will also appeal to college and normal schools. **$2.75**

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Traces in American literature reflections of the pioneering spirit: first, on the frontier of regional pioneering; second, on the frontier of industrial pioneering; finally, on the frontier of spiritual pioneering. **$2.75**

The Ring and the Book (Walter Hampden Edition)

By ROBERT BROWNING

500 pages, 8 illustrations, 8vo

Special features of this edition are illustrations from Walter Hampden's successful play, "Caponsacchi," and an introduction by Montrose J. Moses, the well-known dramatic critic. **$2.50**

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The New Books

Fiction

(*Continued from preceding page*)

launches out upon an auto trucking enterprise, with herself the whole show and the browbeaten Clem a mere mute accessory. Her shrewd gamble is of course tremendously successful, but as the profits and scope of its activities wax ever greater, the breach between husband and wife steadily widens. All this is told with obvious logic and fairness, both sides of the prolonged squabble being impartially presented. It is evidently the author's intention to portray the transitions effected in the spiritual fibre of an executive business woman by extreme absorption in dollar grabbing. He successfully, if not very brilliantly does this, but what one may most desire to happen is for Clem to give his wife a sound spanking and take his trousers back from her, which the poor dumb chap is always too weak to do.

RIVERS TO CROSS. By ROLAND PERTWEE. Houghton Mifflin. 1927. $2.

The "rivers to cross" in this novel are the obstacles interposed between a young Englishman and a lady whom he met on a train, without which the author would have no story. The narrative is in that glib and shallow style, which, when brightened by illustrations, and sandwiched in between the articles of a popular magazine, helps to pass the time in a suburban train or steamer-chair. "Light fiction"—that's all.

YOUNG MALCOLM. By GEORGE BURKE. Harper. 1927. $2.

A shapely tale is this one, that of a young Scot, sprung from working class parentage, who by dint of perseverence and solid aptitude fights his way to a foothold in the London medical world. Malcolm is a born grind, a "swot," but he is not the disagreeably assertive type of plodder and very readily enlists one's sympathy in his struggle to rise. Poverty is his chief handicap, and when he marries Gracie, with success still unconquered, the problem of earning a livelihood grows even heavier. Fortune, having tried and found him worthy, at last promises to shine steadily upon him. Mr. Blake writes so engagingly, his characters are so naturally and distinctly portrayed, that it is to be regretted the substance of his book seems lacking in vitality.

THE KEY ABOVE THE DOOR. By MAURICE WALSH. Stokes. 1927. $2.

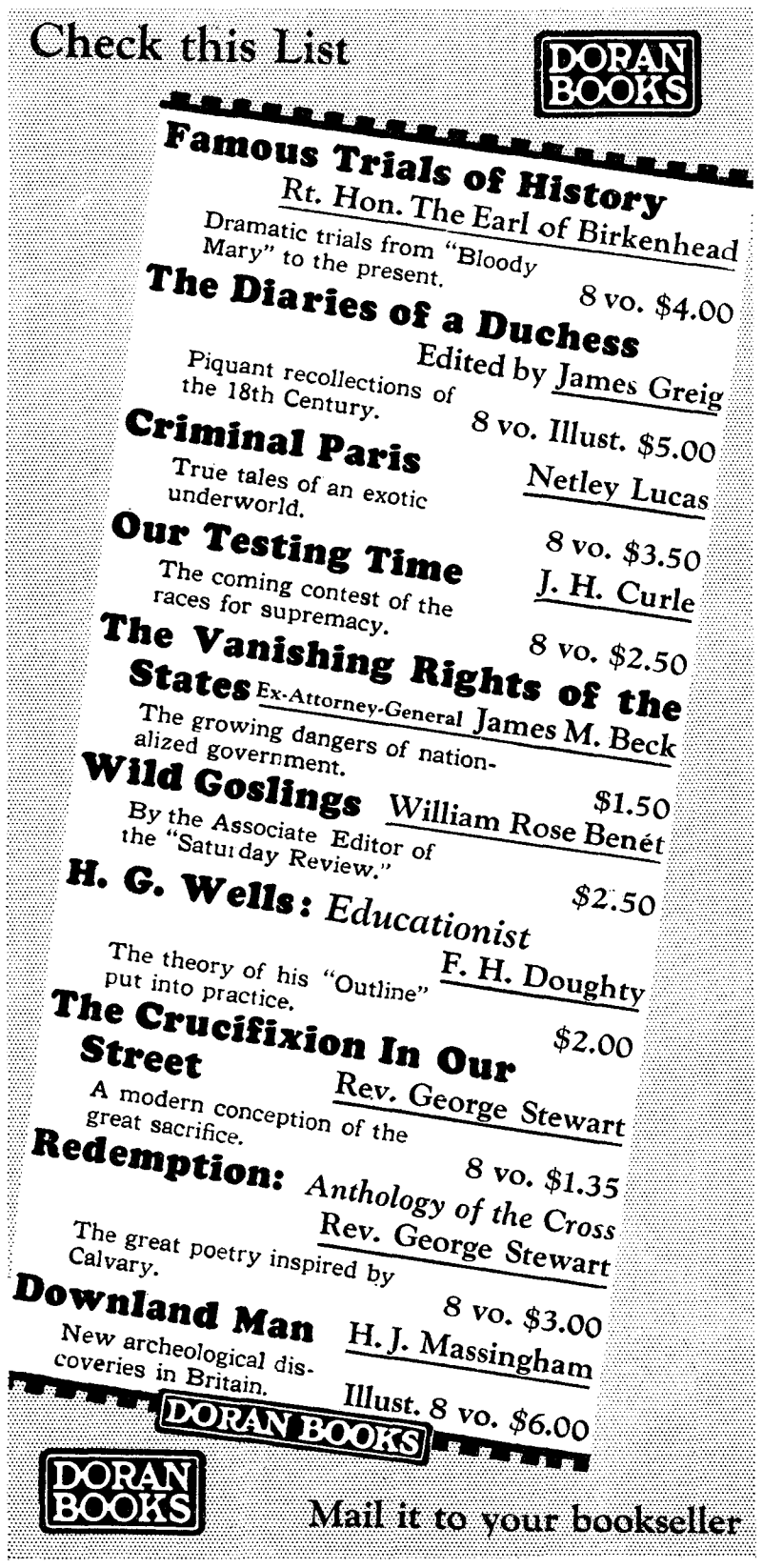
After reading "The Key Above the Door" we wonder who this Maurice Walsh may be, for the novel, evidently his first, has unique qualities. Most important of these qualities is the zest and delicacy with which he describes the Highland lochs and hills of Scotland. Through pages that never tire us Mr. Walsh reflects the wild beauty of sunshine and mist on the heather, the joy of tramping over the moors, the great, enveloping satisfaction of living simply, close to the soil, depending, as his hero does, upon a placid goat for milk and upon the shepherd across the loch for an occasional offering of humble delicacies.

Told in the first person of Thomas King, gentleman owner of a cottage on the shore of Loch Ruighi, the plot of the novel is definitely romantic, and at times spiced with a touch of melodrama. Throughout the narrative there is an elemental simplicity that sophisticated readers will curse as naïveté. But they will be unfair to Mr. Walsh and his purpose. For, apparently dominated by his love for Scotland, he is telling a story where the natural man lives in the natural world. It is not strange, therefore, that in "The Key Above the Door" we have, in unusual blend, tender love, and deep brutality, and passionate appreciation of beauty.

The novel is unusual in its wholesome tonic quality. No one can read it through without being affected by the contagiously healthy attitude of Tom King towards this world and its difficulties. Nor can a reader escape from the desire, awakened in the early pages, to be in this Scotland that Mr. Walsh recreates so capably. Although to some children of our realistic age the novel may appear sugary in its romantic attitudes, the discerning reader will find much that is excellent and all too rare.

CORSON OF THE JC. By CLARENCE E. MULFORD. Doubleday, Page. 1927. $2.

Corson Senior, successful old-time cattleman, under the domination of a mercenary young second wife, sells his ranch to a lawless neighbor for $80,000 cash, to the grief of Bob Corson, his only son. On the night that this large sum changes hands, the elder Corson is found murdered, his body stripped of the lucre. Bob is sure he knows who did the grisly deed, but the proof's the thing, and he is forced to undergo immense trouble and considerable peril to build up his case against the man he rightly suspects. Mr. Mulford writes far better Western stories than the majority of his competitors, and he here betrays no falling off from his consistently high standard.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History

FAMILY LIFE IN RUSSIA. By ELAINE ELNETT. Columbia University Press. 1926.

Mrs. Elnett's closely-packed little book, which may well have been offered originally as a Doctor's thesis, goes back to original sources and gives just the sort of information needed to supplement the stream of more or less superficial impressions of things Russian which has flowed out of Muscovy since the Russian Revolution put that vast, mysterious land east of Memel "on the map."

This is not what some foreigner guesses as the result of what he sees of the jumbled-up Russia of today, but a collection of curious and pertinent facts dug out of Russian history, folklore, and proverbs as set down by Russians themselves.

The Russian Slavs—only a part of that human managerie of races and tribes which made up the old and still, to a somewhat lesser degree, makes up the new Russia—are unique among the peoples of modern Europe. They are the heirs of no definite civilization. The humanistic cultures of the Mediterranean passed westward almost without touching them. At the time of the Renaissance, the Slav principalities were fighting for their lives with their Tartar conquerors. Russia never knew a Reformation. Peter the Great jammed a certain amount of Western culture down the throats of his people just as he created Petersburg, by a pure act of will-power, out of the Neva marshes. But this influence changed only upper surfaces. When the French Revolution transformed western Europe and even the Americas, Russia was still a semi-mediæval autocracy. Western ideas did come in at last, and also Western technique, and by the time of the Great War, Russia possessed a façade of material and moral culture which made her look, on the surface, much like the rest of Europe. But it was only a façade. Underneath was the vast mass of peasantry, living and thinking very much as they had before the days of Peter.

It is to this fundamental Russia that Dr. Elnett returns in her examination into the "historic origin and social development of family life in Russia." She is not a popularizer, nor does she reveal any of that knack of generalization, of vivid comparison and contrast, which brings "home," in a literal sense, a remote and alien subject or people. She sometimes uses the present tense for social types and conditions, already obsolete, as if facts, *per se*, were of equal interest and value, whether existent facts or not. This is a natural and not uncommon fault of such treatises, when written by one primarily interested in facts and only incidentally in their arrangement. But the facts, at least, are there. Those who know something, first hand, of contemporary Russia, will be able to put them in their places.

Incidentally, Dr. Elnett's researches into primitive Russian customs brings to light certain relics of our own which will surprise many of the present generation. The custom known as "bundling" and described in Washington Irving's "not quite scientific but interesting" "History of New York," as "commencing a courtship where ours usually finishes," was practiced not only in Russia and several western European neighborhoods, but in some of our own colonies and in parts of Pennsylvania down to very recent times. Those who shiver at the "necking" of the present day would do well to look it up.

PRIMITIVE CULTURE IN ITALY. By *H. J. Rose*. Doran. $2.50.

THE BLACK DEATH. Compiled by *Johannes Nohl*. Harpers.

A HISTORY OF RUSSIA. By *V. O. Kluchevsky*. Dutton. $4.50.

BROWN KNICKERBOCKERS. By *Maude Stewart Welch*. Dorrance. $2.50.

THE STORY OF THE CITY COMPANIES. By *P. H. Ditchfield*. Houghton Mifflin. $5

JEFFERSON AND THE EMBARGO. By *Louis Martin Sears*. Duke University Press. $4.

International

THIS AMERICAN ASCENDENCY. By *Glen Buck*. Chicago: Kroch.

THE SOCIAL REVOLUTION IN AUSTRIA. By *C. A. Macartney*. Macmillan.

AMERICA IN THE STRUGGLE FOR CZECHOSLOVAK INDEPENDENCE. By *Charles Pergler*. Dorrance. $1.75.

THE SPIRIT OF BOHEMIA. By *Vladimir Nosek*. Brentanos. $3.50.

ITALY'S INTERNATIONAL ECONOMIC POSITION. By *Constantine E. McGuire*. Macmillan. $3.

SOUTHERN ALBANIA IN EUROPEAN AFFAIRS. By *Edith Pierpont Stickney*. Stanford University Press. $2.50.

GERMAN AFTER-WAR PROBLEMS. By *Kuno Francke*. Harvard University Press. $1.50.

THE AMERICAN RACE PROBLEMS. By *E. B. Reuter*. Crowell. $2.75 net.

OUR FAR EASTERN ASSIGNMENT. By *Felix Morley*. Doubleday, Page. $2 net.

OUR TESTING TIME. By *J. H. Curle*. Doran. $2.50 net.

PROSPECTS FOR WORLD UNITY. By *William Stuart Howe*. Four Seas.

Miscellaneous

TREES AND SHRUBS OF CALIFORNIA GARDENS. By C. F. SAUNDERS. McBride. 1926. $3.

THE ROMANCE OF THE FUNGUS WORLD. By R. T. and F. W. ROLFE. Lippincott. 1926. $3.50.

LIFE OF PLANTS. By SIR FREDERICK KEEBLE. Oxford University Press. 1926. $1.75.

The climate of California and a horticulturally intelligent minority have resulted in the establishment of hosts of rare plants unknown in the rest of the country, or known only as hothouse plants. Mr. Saunders has written an extremely entertaining and informative account of the trees and shrubs of California gardens. Entertaining because it gives fascinating stories of the discovery and christening of plants from remote regions which ultimately came to California. And informative, because he is botanically and horticulturally correct. In a book so readable the expert is apt to smell error, perhaps upon the theory that pleasant and agreeable things are *ipso facto* suspect. The best answer to such pedantry is to record the fact that the author has written the best all-round book on woody plants suitable for California that comes to mind, and that all Pacific coast gardeners and nature lovers are much in his debt. The book is beautifully illustrated from photographs of specimen plants, or of garden scenes, and there is an adequate index.

"The Romance of the Fungus World" attempts rather successfully to tell in simple language the story of those queer growths which most people hardly recognize as plants. Everyone knows the edible mushroom, or thinks he does,—which accounts for the yearly fatalities in September, when the deadly toadstools also flourish and are collected as edible by the unwary. But how many know about fairy rings, Dryad's saddle, ink-cap, truffles, and scores of other fungus growths? The book tells the life story of these and many other fungi,—strange plants without flowers, with ghoulish food habits, often exquisite coloring and fantastic forms. Besides the purely æsthetic side of the fungus world, there are chapters on fungi in medicine, in industry, in foods, and the damage they do as causes of disease. There are eighty-five very excellent illustrations and an index.

Sir Frederick Keeble's little book on the "Life of Plants" is another of those successful efforts, so common among British men of science, to tell in plain language a story otherwise known only from the textbooks. This little volume is only a thinly disguised textbook, but it is readable, accurate in the main, cuts out a mass of unpalatable data, and remains a good straightforward, if compressed, account of what plant activity means in the light of modern scientific interpretation. It is a worthy member of a series which has similarly treated heat and energy, chemistry, and animal biology.

GULLAH. By *Rud Smith*. University of South Carolina.

OLE RYNNING'S TRUE ACCOUNT OF AMERICA. Translated and Edited by *Theodore C. Blegen*. Norwegian-American Historical Association. $1.

FORESTS AND SEA POWER. By *Robert G. Albion*. Harvard University Press. $5.

THE TIRED CHILD. By *Max Scham* and *Grete Scham*. Lippincott. $2.

A YEAR IN THE WONDERLAND OF TREES. By *Hallam Hawksworth*. Scribners. $1.

(*Continued on next page*)

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Pamphlets

(*Continued from preceding page*)

ON THE RELATION OF POETRY TO VERSE. By *Sir Philip Hartog*. Oxford University Branch. 85 cents.

THE BACCHIC ELEMENT IN SHAKESPEARE'S PLAYS. By *Emile Legouis*. Oxford University Press. 35 cents.

Philosophy

THE MYTH OF THE INDIVIDUAL. By *Charles W. Wood*. Day. $2.50 net.

(*Continued on next page*)

The Reader's Guide

Conducted by MAY LAMBERTON BECKER

Inquiries in regard to the selection of books and questions of like nature should be addressed to MRS. BECKER, c/o *The Saturday Review*.

A BALANCED RATION

AUTOBIOGRAPHIES. By *William Butler Yeats*. (Macmillan).

THE KING'S HENCHMAN. By *Edna St. Vincent Millay*. (Harpers).

ASK ME ANOTHER. (Viking).

C. S., Baltimore, Md., when a student at Boston Tech., heard John Masefield tell some of the most delightful fables he ever heard. One story in particular impressed itself upon his memory—it had to do with a sailor and a rabbit who were shipwrecked. He wonders if Mr. Masefield ever published the fables he told in Boston just after the outbreak of the Great War.

MR. MASEFIELD, consulted by the Guide, replies:

"The story, about which Mr. S. writes, is a tale made by African natives, I do not know of what tribe. The story deals with a sailor, a rabbit, a cracker, a porcupine quill, and the head of a big axe. It is a well-known story and probably any good book of African folk-lore would include it. I really do not know where I heard it first. It is not my story and I have never published it, but I have often told it in lectures. The other fables told by me are parts of the folk-lore of the world and I have never published any of them."

S. B., Galveston, Texas, asks if there is an edition of Trelawny's "Adventures of a Younger Son" with larger type than the Oxford World Classics edition, which he now has?

THIS tremendous autobiographical tale has lately come from Harcourt, Brace, in a comfortably sized single-volume edition with clear and fairly large type. It costs $2.50 and is intended as an addition to a boy's library; I read it here for the first and only time, and if there have been cuts I did not see where they had been made; anyway, I was far too busy enjoying it.

M. M. G., Monticello, Iowa, a farmer's wife, would "like, right now, to understand how much smaller the end of the horn is going to get that the farmer comes out of. Evans Clark in the Times for January 2 is illuminating and frightening to one as nearly concerned as I am. There is a lot these farmers will have to learn to combat the industrial interests and perhaps a little study in economics might give this one a fairer slant on the issue. I could stand considerable more light on the tariff and enjoy current periodicals with more vim if I had it."

THE latest literary ammunition for the embattled farmer is contained in "The Farmer's Campaign for Credit," by Clara Eliot (Appleton), a historical survey with a study of recent attempts at legislative relief. It describes existing machinery for financing agriculture and explains how the status of the farmer compares with that of other borrowers. It could serve as cornerstone of such a reading-course. An earlier but recent publication is "Farm Credits in the United States and Canada," by J. B. Morman (Macmillan). The best small volume on general economics, suitable for a beginner and in language that a "general reader" will not find too technical, is by common consent of public libraries still said to be Henry Clay's "Economics" (Macmillan), but as this inquirer asks for further suggestions than those in "A Reader's Guide Book," where Clay's is mentioned, the compact and reliable manual by J. E. LeRossignol. "Economics for Everyman" (Holt), comes at once to mind. This appeared in 1923, and has been proving its usefulness as an introduction to the subject.

The farmer's problems, economic, sociological, and otherwise, have brought into being a library, and by no means a little one, of books the city-bred can scarce understand, but prickling with interest when read on a farm, in the world of the farm. "The Agricultural Bloc," by Arthur Copper, is one of a series, "The Farmer's Bookshelf" (Harcourt, Brace), which includes "The County Agent and the Farm Bureau," by M. C. Burritt, "The Grange Master and the Grange Lecturer," by Jennie Buell, and "The Farmer and His Community," by Dwight Sanderson. The series called "Century Rural Life Books" (Century), began with a thoughtful and sympathetic discussion of the farmer's work and the circumstances of his life, "Rural Social Problems," by Charles J. Galpin, and includes a book that makes an excellent study manual for a woman's club in the country, Mary Meek Atkeson's "The Woman on the Farm" (Century), I have suggested this again and again when consulted by such organizations. "Our Debt and Duty to the Farmer," by H. C. Wallace (Century), is a book that will help the urban as much as the rural reader: it is a brief setting-out of recent conditions and suggestions for remedying the depression. "Rural Sociology," by J. M. Gillette (Macmillan), P. L. Vogt's "Introduction to Rural Sociology" (Appleton), and J. E. Boyle's "Rural Problems in the United States" (McClurg), are reliable and readable. "The Consumer's Coöperative Movement in Illinois," by Colston E. Warne (University of Chicago), has an indirect bearing on this list, it is a study of why Europe succeeds in coöperative enterprises and why we fail, with a survey of our organizations, spurious and genuine. "Law for the American Farmer," by J. B. Green (Macmillan), has a chapter on coöperative marketing of farm products, and in general covers all matters affecting rural interests.

A list of farm novels would stretch beyond these space limits, but Garet Garrett's new romance, "Harangue" (Dutton), really belongs here, for it is based upon an imaginary experiment in state ownership of grain elevators, flour mills, and other utilities, by a Western agricultural State, financed by a People's Bank. The story ranges from Greenwich Village to this unnamed district, and involves various exciting clashes and even a murder. "Farmers of Forty Centuries," by F. H. King (Harcourt, Brace), is another new book this inquirer should know about: it is really an edition for general use of a work privately printed by the author: a study of permanent agriculture in China, Japan, and Korea, and how for 400 years they have managed there to grow so much on so small a space.

B. B. H., Sheffield, Pa., asks for books of unquestioned authority relating to China of the twentieth century and dealing particularly with its social, religious, and industrial conditions.

THERE have come from American presses within the past few months at least a dozen books dealing with China in one way or another, by writers qualified to speak with some authority on some aspect of life there. Florence Ayscough has given the Western world a luminous interpretation of Oriental life in "A Chinese Mirror" (Houghton Mifflin), and her "Autobiography of a Chinese Dog" (Houghton Mifflin), is in its own way distinguished. "A Girl from China" (Stokes), is the life of Soumay Cheng, a young revolutionary; it is a breath-taking record. On Dutton's spring list is Abel Bonnard's "In China: 1920-21," a deep-thinking book to be read by all those who have made the acquaintance of Emile Hovelacque's "China" (Dutton), one of the outstanding works by a foreigner on Chinese civilization and its underlying philosophy. Felix Morley's "Our Far Eastern Assignment" is on Doubleday, Page's spring list: it is strongly recommended by Henry Morgenthau as a guide to those who realize that the United States may well become purveyors of China's many basic agricultural and industrial supplies. "What's Wrong With China," by Rodney Gilbert (Stokes), is an analysis of causes of present unrest. There have been several novels with Chinese background, Louise Jordan Miln's "It Happened in Peking" (Stokes), one of the line of romances that Mrs. Miln has produced since "Mr. Wu," a story of the marriage of an American with a girl half Manchu and half Russian, Dorothy Graham's "Lotus of the Dusk" (Stokes), and James W. Bennett's "The Manchu Cloud" (Duffield). The last-named is a regular roarer, all about the war still going on, and so up-to-date that one of the characters is General Feng Yu Hsiang, who figured in the newspapers this very week. I can't say that Stella Benson's "Goodbye, Stranger" (Macmillan), really takes place in China, though its scene is laid there and several of the people in it are Chinese, but this remarkable book really takes place inside the human heart and might go on anywhere as well as in the East.

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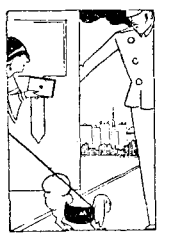

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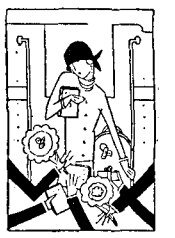

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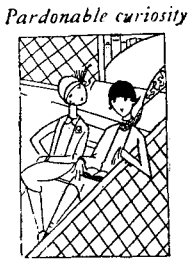

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Points of View

Selection

To the editor of *The Saturday Review*:
SIR:

Mr. Belgion's interesting leader in your issue of January 27th on the subject of American books in England and *vice versa*, stimulates inquiry into the way the writings of one country reach the other. I happened to have on my desk, at the time when I was sitting back and looking at *The Saturday Review of Literature*, a copy of "The Best Poems of 1926" as selected by Thomas Moult (London: Cape; New York: Harcourt, Brace). The verse of one country comes to the attention of the anthologist in the other through periodicals. Excited by Mr. Belgion's article, I wondered which American periodicals had supplied the American poems in Mr. Moult's collection.

Mr. Moult selects seventy-two poems published in 1926, forty from British periodicals, thirty-two from American. The list of American periodicals, with the number of poems each provides, is as follows:

THE BEST POEMS OF 1926

as selected by Thomas Moult
American Periodicals

Name	Number of poems
Century	6
Dial	4
New Republic	3
Saturday Review	3
Poetry	2
Scribner's	2
Virginia Quarterly	2
American Mercury	1
Archive	1
Bookman	1
Forge	1
Forum	1
Harper's	1
Lyric	1
Nation	1
Palms	1
Voices	1
	32

I was pleased to see *The Saturday Review* tying for third place, and was interested in the way the monthly magazines arranged themselves.

F. V. MORLEY

London.

"Israfel"

To the Editor of *The Saturday Review*:
SIR:

I have read the well written essay in your issue of January 8, entitled, "An End and a Beginning." But after reading "Israfel: The Life and Times of E. A. Poe," I must dissent from most of your reviewers findings regarding that biography. He considered the biography a remarkable synthesis of all the facts of Poe's life, as well as the way in which the details were filled in. I am wondering if he did not rely upon the statements in the preface to the book for all this, for there it is also claimed, "meticulous care in assembling data," and "careful and complete biography."

The biography, however, shows, *per se*, a most reckless method in the assembling of data, and demonstrates without little question that the author lacked sufficient study and knowledge of his subject to undertake an authentic biography of Poe.

The statements that Poe wrote a poem called "The Dreamer" at p. 204, and matters styled, "Tid-bits" at p. 331 are not only erroneous, but have no foundation of fact. This same propensity to error is shown throughout the book, but more evident at pp. 504-6, where so much space is consumed in reprinting what is called, "the obscure and little known, 'Morning on the Wissahiccon.'" This is one of Poe's well known tales which has appeared in all the standard editions of his works for the past thirty years. To make sure of the author's ignorance of his subject one has only to refer to p. 567 where appears, "the singularly charming and innocent sketch of The Elk." This with two other page references to "The Elk," is carried into the index. The worthless assembling of data in this instance is seen when the fact is pointed out that, "The Elk," is an erroneous title for the "Morning On The Wissahiccon," and the author did not know it.

In attempting to draw an imaginary picture of Poe the author makes another similar error elsewhere in the book. Much of the first volume of the biography, taken up with matters of the boyhood of Poe and Richmond, is misstated and exaggerated. It would take much space for me to point out the manifold critical markings in my copy of this biography.

J. H. WHITTY

Richmond, Va.

Mr. Allen Replies

To the Editor of *The Saturday Review*:
SIR:

Mr. J. H. Whitty would seem to be at great pains to make a mountain out of a molehill in his communication about my biography of Edgar Allan Poe.

"The Dreamer" on page 204 of "Israfel" is, as he should have known, simply a misprint for Poe's well-known poem entitled "Dreams." On page 331 "Tid-bits" was put in italics and so conveyed the idea that it was a formal title, when as a matter of fact on reference to my manuscript I find it was meant for a descriptive adjective.

Now, then, as to "Morning on the Wissahiccon," Mr. Whitty is at great trouble to make his own mistake rather than my confusion plain. My reprinting of it was not to give it to the world "as a rare Poe item" but to bring out the point that even in one of his more obscure essays Poe commented on the unfortunate changes being wrought in his environment by machinery. In comparison with "The House of Usher," "The Gold Bug," or other famous stories, "Morning on the Wissahiccon" *is* obscure and little known. That was all I obviously meant to convey by the phrase, and Mr. Whitty must be very confused indeed if he really supposes that I was printing it as new material in order to give a treat to Poe scholars. "Morning on the Wissahiccon" is a story *about* an elk and on page 567 I refer to that story, which was reprinted in my text, as "The Elk." The exact title was of course well known to me as I had used it before when printing the text itself. In the context the reference must be plain as even Mr. Whitty himself shows he understood what story was meant.

Hamlet is sometimes referred to as "The Morbid Dane" but I never read that Shakespearean scholars accused each other of inventing a title or supposed that some one was trying to palm off "Macbeth" as a new play by referring to it descriptively as "Shakespeare's Murderous Pair." Does Mr. Whitty actually think I thought I had discovered a new story by Poe called "The Elk"? If so he has been at great pains to advertise the fact that he is a very literal person. The compositor had instructions to put all titles in italics and in some instances informal references to stories by Poe that should have been in Roman letters appeared in italics. Such obvious mechanical slips ought to have been plain to Mr. Whitty as merely proof-reader's errors, since he is the editor of Miss Phillip's "Edgar Allan Poe, the Man."

In conclusion I wish to deprecate Mr. Whitty's attempt to pick out misprints in a work of nearly one thousand pages, to put a false interpretation on my self-evident reason for reprinting one of Poe's stories, and then to draw the general conclusion from such evidence that my whole Biography is recklessly assembled. I wish also at this time to say that Mr. Whitty is entirely mistaken in his statement about my treatment of the early days of Poe in Richmond. Mr. Whitty has chosen to lend his name and authority as an editor to a life of Poe which has been in a number of instances reviewed with mine. The relative estimate put upon the two books by the majority of the reviewers and commenting authorities is now available to the public. It would seem that under the circumstances, Mr. Whitty's charge that I lacked sufficient knowledge to undertake an authoritative life of Poe must in the final analysis rest on the reception which my book receives from disinterested critics. I, for one, am content to let it rest that way. Several authoritative persons already differ profoundly with Mr. Whitty. It is quite patent that Mr. Whitty is directly interested in another Life of Poe, and that however honest his motives may be, any move on his part to criticize "Israfel" personally can only serve to place him in the unfortunate position of crying up his own wares by disparaging mine. I myself am in the same position in regard to the book which he edited and consider myself bound by good taste not to reply in kind. I should regret extremely any further attempt to force me out of this position, which I believe to be essentially correct.

HERVEY ALLEN

Prohibition

To the Editor of *The Saturday Review*:
SIR:

When Fabian Franklin's attack on the Eighteenth Amendment appeared in *The Saturday Review*, I called Mr. Horace Taft's attention to it, asking that he answer it. Mr. Taft, "as everyone knows," is Headmaster of the Taft School; a brother of Chief Justice Taft; a former opponent of Prohibition. He replied, in part, "You flatter me when you think that anything I can say will have weight against Fabian Franklin with the audience he reaches." The implication is that Franklin's audience is so moist, if not wet, in its sympathies, that it would pay little attention to anybody of even Headmaster Taft's position.

Yet Fabian Franklin is the man you have chosen to review "Prohibition at its Worst." Had the editor of the *Quarterly Review* asked Bishop Wilberforce to review "The Origin of Species," the choice of reviewer could not have been more absurd.

The fact is that Prohibition sentiment, as Mr. Taft said in his letter to me, "grows steadily stronger in spite of the noise and lawbreaking on the part of what Dr. Mayo calls this social froth and social dregs."

ALFRED H. HOLT.

Carroll College,
Waukesha, Wis.

Our correspondent has forgotten that Mr. Fabian Franklin is an economist and mathematician of distinction, and that Professor Fisher's book was essentially an attempt to demonstrate by statistics the success of Prohibition. It was certainly within the ethics of reviewing to submit his figures to the scrutiny of an expert willing to call them in question.—The Editor.

"Farther" and "Further"

To the Editor of *The Saturday Review*:
SIR:

In looking over the Phœnix Nest in your issue of January 29, I was delighted to find that I agree with you about the use of "farther" and "further." However, I feel that there is still something to be said on the subject. Since I was first corrected, some two years ago, for using "further" to apply to distance, I have been waiting for an opportunity to argue about it.

It appears that H. W. Fowler, in "A Dictionary of Modern English Usage," questions the distinction made in the Oxford English Dictionary, which insists that "farther" and never "further" should be used to indicate distance. You quote H. W. Fowler, as follows:

"The fact is surely that hardly any one uses the two words for different occasions; most people prefer one or the other for all purposes, and the preference of the majority is for further."

I do not agree with Mr. Fowler in this opinion. I feel certain that more people would say "It is farther to San Francisco than to Detroit," than would say "It is further to San Francisco than to Detroit." And more people would say "He could go no further," than would say "He could go no farther," although within the last few years "farther" has been used in this indiscriminate way more often than formerly.

The Desk Standard Dictionary roughly defines the usage thus: "Farther, farthest, commonly refer to physical distance; further and furthest, while at times so used, are oftenest applied to advance or reach of thought."

The phrase "while at times so used" is not explained in detail, but its presence here makes provision for certain situations in which "further" and not "farther" should properly be used to apply to distance. Defining this distinction is a matter of English grammar. Whatever the English grammars of today may say on the subject, those of thirty-five years ago taught it thus:

Use further for advance or reach of thought, as in "further consideration."

Use both farther and further for physical distance. When a comparison of distance is implied, as in "farther to one town than to another," farther is the correct usage. When there is no comparison of distance implied, as in "He could go no further," further is correct.

The custom of applying the word "farther" to distance in all cases, whether there is the idea of comparison or not, seems to be of very recent origin. Lexicographers, on the whole, do not seem to sanction it. How did it originate, and what gives it so formidable an appearance of authenticity? The only theory which is satisfactory to me is that certain individuals of good taste and discrimination have considered it nicer and more refined. These same individuals perhaps prefer "for you and I" to "for you and me." It sounds nicer and more refined.

Hopkinton, Mass. JAMES H. HULL

The New Books

(*Continued from preceding page*)

Poetry

TWO GENTLEMEN IN BONDS. By *John Crowe Ransom*. Knopf. $2 net.

HERB WOMAN. By *Eleanor C. Koenig*. Vinal. $1.50.

PERSEPHONE. By *John Drinkwater*. Rudge.

SOLOMON AND BALKIS. By *John Freeman*.

THE MINOR POEMS OF DANTE. Translated by *Lornadé Lucchi*. Oxford University Press. $2.50.

FINE CLOTHES TO THE JEW. By *Langston Hughes*. Knopf. $2 net.

AUGUSTAN BOOKS OF MODERN POETRY. By *Andrew Lang, William Blake, Austin Dobson*. Stokes.

THE PILGRIM SHIP. By *Katharine Lee Bates*. Womans Press.

GREEN ACRES. By *Vivian Yeiser Laramore*. Vinal. $1.50.

LATE ADVENTURE. By *Lena Hall*. Vinal. $1.50.

CRIMSON FEATHER. By *Mabel Vollintine*. Vinal. $1.50.

OULD FATHER TOOMEY AND OTHER POEMS. By *Denis A. McCarthy*. Boston: Carrollton Publishing Co. $2.

JUST FOLKS. By *Mitchell Kaplan*. Jewish American Literary and Dramatic Guild (Knickerbocker Press).

POEMS. By *T. S. Eliot*. Knopf. $2 net.

PELAGIA. By *A. E. Coppard*. Golden Cockerel Press. $6.

THE METAMORPHOSIS OF PIGMALION'S IMAGE. By *John Marston*. Golden Cockerel Press. $5.

CHINESE VERSE. By *Chung Park Lum*. Translated by *Sui Peng*. Illustrated by *Edna Edell*. New York: Lop Quan, 52 Bowery.

ODES. By *William Collins*. New York: Payson & Clarke.

THESE PEOPLE. By *Howard McKinley Conning*. Vinal. $1.75.

LITTLE PICTURES. By *Ruth Victoria Inglis*. Vinal. $1.50.

TUMBLEWEEDS. By *Margarette Ball Dickson*. Vinal. $1.50.

THE SECOND CONNING TOWER BOOK. Edited by *F. P .A*. Macy-Masius. $2.

THE PACK OF AUTOLYCUS. Edited by *Hyder E. Rollins*. Harvard University Press. $5.

Religion

HISTORY OF CHRISTIAN EDUCATION. VOL. II. By PIERRE J. MARIQUE. Fordham University Press. 1926. $3.

The second volume brings this work from the fourteenth century to the eighteenth. The plan of treatment followed is that found in Monroe and other standard text-books, and which seems to have won permanent acceptance by historians of education. Dr. Marique, however, includes matter which his predecessors have often ignored, e. g. the educational life of the Paraguay Reductions and other missions. His criticism is independent and sound. The importance of understanding the educational legacy of the past and of criticizing it intelligently as a guide to present practice should recommend such a book to a wide public.

Were this not primarily a text-book one might pass over the comparatively few errors in it. But for the student making a first acquaintance with the subjects here treated some errors in chronology (there are three on Page 127) should be corrected, and the two contradictory accounts of Anglican worship under Henry VIII should be harmonized by correcting the second which is quite wrong.

CHRISTIANITY IN THE MODERN WORLD. By *Ernest D. Burton*. University of Chicago Press. $2.

CASE AND COMMENT. By *Louis Howland*. Bobbs-Merrill. $2.50.

ESSAYS AND ADDRESSES ON THE PHILOSOPHY OF RELIGION. By *Baron Friedrich von Hügel*. Second series. Dutton. $5.

DISCOVERING JESUS. By *William G. Ballantine*.

THE CATHOLIC CHURCH AND PHILOSOPHY. By Fr. Vincent McNabb. Macmillan. $1.

THE CATHOLIC CHURCH AND ITS REACTIONS WITH SCIENCE. By *Sir Bertram C. A. Winale*. Macmillan. $1.

Science

OUR SOLAR SYSTEM. By *Frederick M. Tschirner*. New York: Dean & Co., 112 Fourth Avenue. $3.

THREE LECTURES ON ATOMIC PHYSICS. By *Arnold Sommerfeld*. Dutton. $1.

SYMBIONTICISM AND THE ORIGIN OF SPECIES. By *Ivan E. Wallin*. Williams & Wilkins. $3.

PURPOSIVE EVOLUTION. By *Edmund Noble*. Holt. $3.75.

PROBLEMS OF BIRD MIGRATION. By *A. Landsborough Thomson*. Houghton Mifflin. $5.

THE ORIGIN OF BIRDS. By *Gerhard Heilmann*. Appleton. $7.50.

GENETIC STUDIES OF GENIUS. Vol. II. Early Mental Traits of Three Hundred Geniuses. By *Catharine M. Cox*. Stanford University Press. $5.

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The World of Rare Books

By Frederick M. Hopkins

MODERN first editions and private press publications, the property of R. E. Blackshaw of Chicago, and first editions of Rudyard Kipling, the property of Mrs. E. C. Dyett of Pasadena, Calif., were sold at the Anderson Galleries, in a single session February 8, 228 lots bringing $5,224.50. This sale is interesting because it shows the active demand for the first editions of American and English authors, most of whom are now living.

A few representative lots and the prices realized were the following:

Ashendene Press. "Le Morte d'Arthur," reduced into Englysshe by Sir Thomas Malory, folio, russia, Chelsea, 1913. One of 145 copies. $230.

Crane (Stephen). "The Black Riders," 12mo, boards. Boston, 1895. First edition. $57.50.

Davies (William H.). "The Soul's Destroyer," etc., 12mo, wrappers, Marshalsea Road, n. d. First edition of the author's first book. $60.

De Quincey (Thomas). "Confessions of an English Opium-Eater," 12mo, boards, London, 1822. First edition. $72.50.

Doughty (Charles M.). "Travels in Arabia Deserta," 2 vols., 8vo, cloth, Cambridge, 1888. First edition. $115.

Dunsany (Lord). "The Gods of Pegana," square 12mo, cloth, London, 1905. First edition of the author's first book. $35.

Flecker (James Elroy). "The Golden Journey to Samarkand," 12mo, boards, London, 1913. One of 50 large paper copies signed by the author. $105.

Hearn (Lafcadio). "Some Chinese Ghosts," 12mo, cloth, Boston, 1887. First edition. $105.

Hearn. "Life and Letters," by Elizabeth Bisland, 2 vols., and "Japanese Letters," 8vo, Boston, 1906-10. First editions, one of 200 copies bound uncut, with a page of the author's manuscript in the first volume. $65.

Henry (O.). "Complete Writings," 14 vols., 8vo, half vellum, Garden City, 1917. Memorial edition. $80.

Joyce (James). "Ulysses," 4to, wrappers, Paris, 1922. First edition. $105.

Keats (John). "Lamia," etc., 12mo, levant morocco by Reviere, London, 1820. First edition. $360.

Montaigne. "Essays," 3 vols., folio, boards, buckram, Boston, 1902-4. One of 265 copies printed under the direction of Bruce Rogers at the Riverside Press. $120.

Stevenson (R. L.). "An Inland Voyage," 12mo, cloth, London, 1878. First edition. $115.

Synge (J. M.). "The Arran Islands," 4to, Buckram, Dublin, 1907. First edition and one of 150 large paper copies. $130.

Thoreau (H. D.). "A Week on the Concord and Merrimack Rivers," 12mo, cloth, Boston, 1849. First edition. $65.

Forthcoming Sales

ON February 28 the collection of Henry Goldsmith of this city, comprising signed letters and documents, inscribed books by and relating to the Presidents, famous statesmen, men of letters, mainly American, will be sold at the American Art Galleries. Part 1 is made up of American items, featuring books from the libraries of no less than nineteen Presidents, and autographed by them. Part 11 contains autograph letters, documents, and inscribed books by and relating to famous statesmen and men of letters. One of the outstanding lots in this part is a letter book kept by John Howard Payne consisting of copies of letters written by him during the years 1805 to 1819 to his family, friends, and many distinguished contemporaries. These entries constitute 337 pages, or about 75,000 words entirely in Payne's handwriting. The discovery of this manuscript caused Willis T. Hanson to write the well known biography of Payne. In the preface to "The Early Life of John Howard Payne" he refers to this letter book as "Payne's own story of his life, his struggles, his thoughts, and ambitions." Another important item is Kipling's original manuscript of his article for the Souvenir Booklet of the Quebec Tercentenary of 1910" which contains about 500 words. The manuscript is accompanied by an explanatory letter signed by Kipling to Lord Grey.

On March 1 and 2 the library of the late Charles L. Bailey of Harrisburg, Pa., comprising fine library sets, fine bindings, including choice examples of Roger Payne, Derome, Le Gascon, and other masters; Extra-illustrated books, manuscripts by Scott, Stevenson, Swinburne, and other famous authors, first editions of Scott, Dickens, Lever, and others; publications of the Doves and Kelmscott presses; books illustrated by George Cruikshank and paintings by "Phiz;" and other material of interest to booklovers and collectors.

Note and Comment

THE first number of "The Woodcut: An Annual" will be published this month by the Fleuron, Ltd., of London.

Methuen of London will soon publish a volume entitled "Allegra: The Story of Byron and Miss Clairmont," by Armistead C. Gordon, intended as a new interpretation of Byron the man.

The bicentenary of the death of Sir Isaac Newton will be preceded by a memoir, entitled "Sir Isaac Newton: A Brief Account of His Life and Work," written by Dr. S. Brodetsky, of the University of Leeds, and published by Methuen.

The current catalogue of Maggs Brothers of London, "English Literature of the Nineteenth and Twentieth Centuries," comprises a selection of first and early editions of the works of esteemed authors and book illustrators together with books on sports and pastimes. The volume is a quarto of 480 pages, 2,695 items, well printed, and a model of the bibliographer's art.

The Argonaut Press of London, which specializes upon books of travel, has just published William Dampier's "A New Voyage Round the World," with an introduction by Sir Albert Gray, president of the Hakluyt Society, in a limited edition of 975 numbered copies. It has also in preparation Sir John Chardin's "Travels in Persia," with an introduction by Brig.-General Sir Percy Sykes; "The Itinerary of Ludovico di Varthema—1503-1508," translated from the original Italian edition of 1510 by John Winter Jones, F.S.A., with a discourse on Varthema and his travels in Southern Asia by Sir Richard Carnac Temple; and "The Discovery of the Empire of Guiana" (1595), by Sir Walter Raleigh, with an introduction by Vincent T. Harlow.

Frederick Pollock, 13, Old-Square, Lincoln's Inn, London, writes: "I am editing for the Selden Society an unpublished manuscript of Selden's 'Table Talk' belonging to the Society of Lincoln's Inn and unknown to former editors. So far only four other manuscripts are known—namely, three in the British Museum, used by S. H. Reynolds for his edition of 1892, and one in the National Library of Scotland. The Lincoln's Inn manuscript is clearly better than any of these and appears to stand alone. But it seems quite possible that other manuscripts of importance exist in private collections. Any information as to manuscript copies other than those named will be thankfully received by the secretary of the Selden Society or myself."

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WANTED—One copy in good condition, of first edition of "Log of the Sun," by William Beebe, published by Henry Holt in 1906. Recent edition not wanted. Please do not send book without writing details first. 121 East 38th Street, New York City.

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The Phoenix Nest

BY the time you read this we shall have gazed upon "The Phoenix Nest" of 1593, as *Mary Mowbray-Clarke* has written us from the Sunwise Turn Bookshop that a reprint of it by the Haslewood Press has just come in from England. We'll bet it beats this column, at that, though it cannot possibly beat "An Elizabethan Zoo," another Haslewood book of distinction which we recently received from *Elvira* as a Valentine. This book is a garnering from Pliny and the old bestiaries, and contains wonderful pictures of the Mantichora, the Lamia, the Antalope (*sic*), the Mimicke Dogge, and other wonders. On the cover is a remarkable rhinoceros designed with a detail that would do credit to Dürer. This gem came from the Washington Square Bookshop, which frequently has marvelous things. . . .

News of the New Republic Book Shop which opened on February first arrives from *Elsie Butler*, the manager. This is a general bookstore for the Murray Hill district, at 107 East 34th Street, just around the corner from No. 1 Park Avenue, and across the way from the Community Church of *John Haynes Holmes*. It has acquired the stock and trade of the old Penguin Book Shop, long one of the pleasant oases on Eighth Street. *Mrs. Jeannette Lowe* of the Penguin joins her experience to the New Republic's enterprise. You are invited to sit down and read at the long centre table of the New Republic shop. . . .

Wilbur Daniel Steele, according to *Edward J. O'Brien*, one of the three outstanding contemporary writers of short stories in America, will hold a conference on short-story writing, for a fortnight, during the coming summer session at the Montana State University, Missoula, Montana. . . .

An American epic to add to your "Billy the Kid," "Jesse James," "Wild Bill Hickok," et al., is "Annie Oakley: Pioneer," by *Courtney Ryley Cooper*, with an introduction by *Will Rogers*. It is published by Duffield and Company at 200 Madison Avenue. Some short while ago this great trick marksman of Buffalo Bill's Wild West crossed the Great Divide and left to the famous comedian, *Fred Stone*, her diaries and personal papers. Cooper, an old friend of *Buffalo Bill*, has edited them. Hail, *Annie Oakley*, who never missed a catamount, glass ball, or a clay pigeon! If you see a star flicker and fall from the height of evening, it's dead-shot Annie keeping her hand in. . . .

Marjorie Allen Seiffert sends us a ferocious sonnet, saying,

I have been much amused at the Sonnets of Hate and Rage in the Phoenix Nest. I do not know whether this will qualify, but it was written with an amount of hopeless anger which if it managed to get across into the words, ought to make it a masterpiece of that *genre*. It was the total output of the summer of 1922.

THE MOTHER SPEAKS

I live with ruthless cannibals who feed
On my living tissues, on my flesh and brain,
Spoiling and wasting what they do not need,
Growing no fatter. I am devoured in vain.
I have no refuge under the pitiless sky.
I am bare bones thrown to their discontent,
Gnawed and unburied . . . Empty bones am I,
Scattered and wasted. I am vainly spent.

Could I but doze as dully as the cattle!
Could I but dream as sweetly as the sheep!
But I am the booty of an alien battle,
A battered slave who only longs for sleep.
I who once claimed Olympian paths for mine
Envy the peaceful destiny of swine!

Leonard Doughty writes:

Of course you won't forget Robert Browning's soul-satisfying sonnet of the Damnation of Edward Fitzgerald,—"kicking you seems the common fate of curs." There are many in Swinburne besides the "Dirae," most emphatically magnificent. The two greatest of all such sonnets are "The White Czar." Rossetti's is a soul-animating strain in "On the Site of a Mulberry Tree." William Watson's "Year of Shame" and "The Purple East" are a consummation. Is not Wordsworth's lordly word of scorn, "What is it that ye go forth to see," in sonnet form? I do not exactly place it from memory. There ought to be much from Victor Hugo that may have been translated worthily. Some of Heine's Fresco-Sonnets *an Christian S (ethe)* are blissfully bitter, and have been translated—at least by E. A. Bowring. The idea of having such a book as you intend fascinates me. I live in hope.

Both Mr. Doughty and another gentleman send us sonnets that we might print. This week we haven't the space. Meanwhile, *William R. Kane* tells us that poets will soon begin to reserve photoplay rights to their verse.

The American Cinema Association has come along and paid Edgar A. Guest a fabulous sum for photoplay rights of thirteen of his poems! These are to be released as Edgar A. Guest Poetic Jewels. The photoplays are being produced in color. As the Cinema Association's press agent says it: "Edgar A. Guest Poetic Jewels—A Series of Thirteen Subjects in Exquisite Nature Tints." Guess he knows what he means. I do not! I hope these Poetic Jewels are mighty successful pictures. Just think of poets corraling some of that movie money!

The popularity of Mr. Guest remains an utter mystery to us and must so remain forever. We have given up trying to understand it. It must just be that the average person adores the utterly mediocre in poetry. Just why—escapes us. . . .

We were shocked to hear of the recent death of *Schuyler Ashley*, who was doing reviewing for *The Saturday Review* and for the *Kansas City Star*. Ashley had been afflicted with tuberculosis since the war and had therefore lived in Colorado since 1919. His health had so improved that he was married last July. He died suddenly at Austin Bluffs, Colorado Springs. . . .

Dr. Will Durant has related the story of the best ten books in the world for Brentano's Book Chat. It may interest you to know the books he has chosen. They are, The Bible, the Iliad, the plays of Euripides, Plato's "Republic," Plutarch's "Lives," the plays of Shakespeare, "Don Quixote," Spinoza's "Ethics," Goethe's "Faust," and Whitman's "Leaves of Grass." . . .

Another of the famous Garnett tribe, that seems to be limitless, is *Mrs. Robert Singleton Garnett*. Her mother was *Samuel Butler's* first cousin on his mother's side, and through a school friendship with *Olive Garnett* and her own ambition to write she was early drawn into that interesting cultured circle which surrounded *Dr. Richard Garnett*, of the British Museum, of whose family she became a member on her marriage to his elder son. Butler's "The Way of All Flesh" had come to her with something of a shock, as family traditions and memories indicated a quite different atmosphere at Langar rectory from that pictured in the novel. After some years Mrs. Garnett met Samuel Butler's niece. Butler's sister May was her godmother. Mrs. Garnett received letters, photographs and other documents, and now gives us "Samuel Butler and his Family Relations," published by Dutton. . . .

Well, give our regards to the family!

THE PHŒNICIAN.

The London Times on "POWER"

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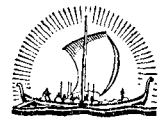
Europe and America Concur!



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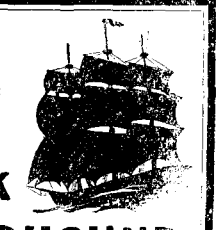

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Edna St. Vincent Millay

1892—

She was born in Rockland, Maine, the daughter of a stevedore.

Her first verse appeared in St. Nicholas. The themes of many of her early poems were derived from the picturesque folk tales told by her mother.

Her first appreciable success was the poem "Renascence," which was awarded only fourth prize in a poetry competition. Ten years later, in 1922, the Pulitzer Poetry Prize was hers.

She is amazingly versatile, being an accomplished linguist, a gifted musician and an able amateur actress.

She is the only American poet, save Edgar Allan Poe, to be translated into Spanish. Her play "Aria Da Capo" was also given a French production.

Contrary to the general tendency of poets Miss Millay has fled from the "great open spaces" of Maine, to take up residence in the narrowest house in New York.

In 1924 her only volume of prose "Distressing Dialogues" appeared under the name of Nancy Boyd. These sketches were prefaced by a most amusing note written under her own name.

In "The King's Henchman" she has done an unusual and altogether beautiful piece of work. She has won the distinction of creating the book of the first successful Opera in English.

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